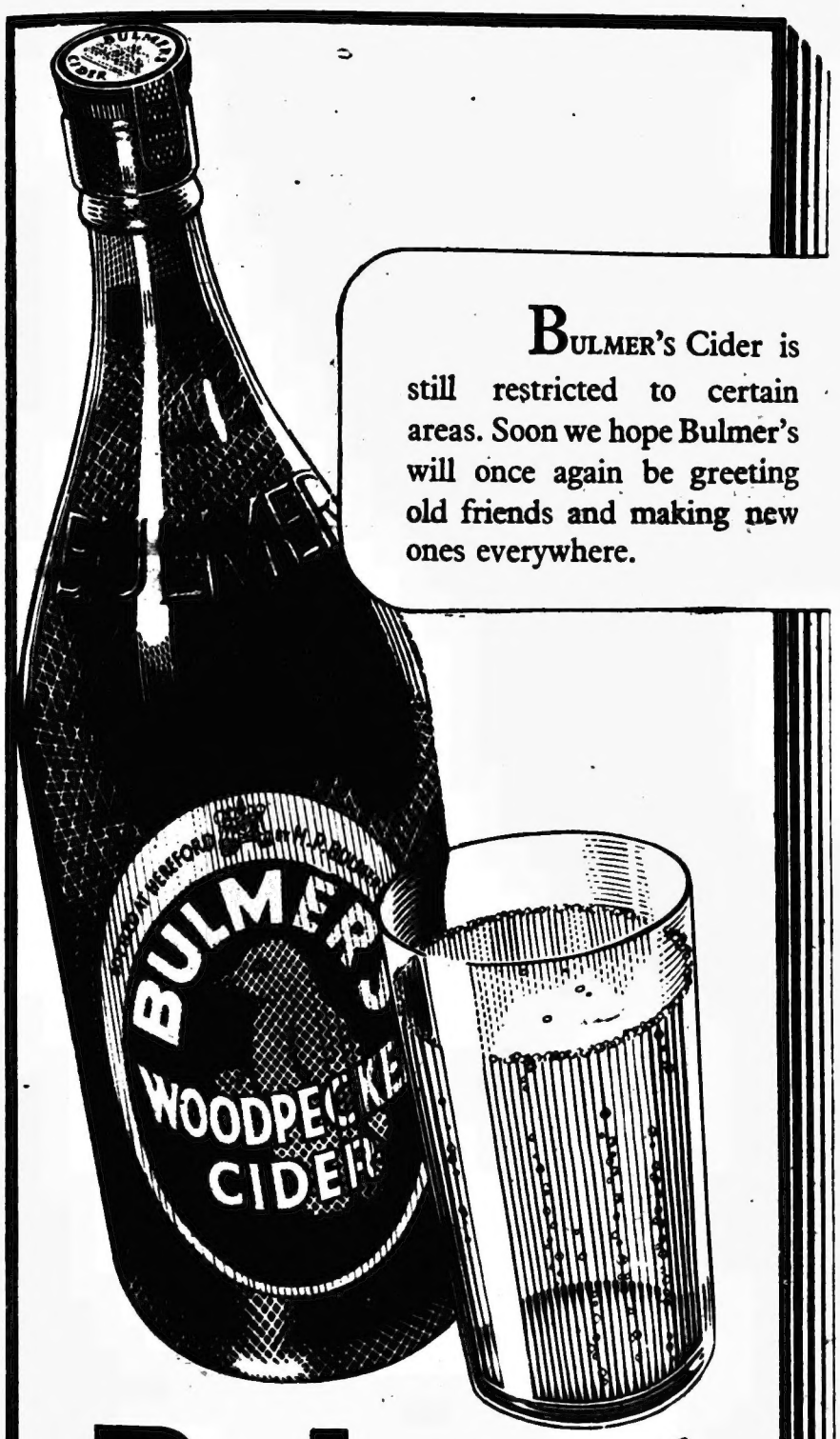
Week ending July 7 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

THE OCTOPUS — AND YOU

See centre pages



BULMER'S Cider is still restricted to certain areas. Soon we hope Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere.

Bulmer's CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD

ONE MONDAY MORNING
MRS. EVANS LOOKS AWFUL AGAIN TODAY. MUST BE HAVING TROUBLE AT HOME
SHE'LL NEVER HOLD DOWN HER JOB!
I KNOW THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT ME. WHAT ON EARTH SHALL I DO?
NEXT DAY IN SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE
... I'M SORRY, MRS. EVANS, BUT YOUR AVERAGE ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH. SOME DAYS YOU DON'T SEEM EQUAL TO IT
OH DEAR! I NEED THE JOB MRS. SIMES!
...YOU SEE, I'M ALWAYS SO TIRED AFTER THE WEEKEND. I HAVE A HUGE WASH TO BOIL EVERY WEEK
BUT YOU NEEDN'T BOIL! WITH RINSO YOU CAN SOAK THINGS CLEAN IN JUST 12 MINUTES!
NEXT WEEK MRS. EVANS TRIED THE NEW METHOD
BUT THEY'RE MARVELLOUS! AND I DON'T FEEL TIRED!
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER
YOU'LL BE IN CHARGE OF YOUR GROUP FROM NOW ON, MRS. EVANS. CONGRATULATIONS!
IT'S ALL DUE TO YOUR WASHING TIP, MRS. SIMES

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

R 3259-414

R. S. Hudson Limited

This is where YOU *come in*

Does that doorway lead to a haven of cosy warmth and comfort — to spotless, sparkling rooms and an all-electric kitchen which makes cooking, yes and even cleaning, a positive pleasure? Or are you still putting up with antiquated household equipment, of which you alone must suffer all the inconvenience?

Take matters into your own hands! Plan now to have your post-war house amply equipped with Electricity. Make the most of all Electricity's newest aids to housecraft.

Go to your Electricity showrooms straight away. Talk things over with their experts. Tell them exactly the kind of home you're hoping for. The way to get what you want is to ask for it!

ELECTRICITY IMPROVES

If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it

For nearly six years much of the Horlicks that has been made has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. These needs are now less urgent, but for some time to come they will still have to be met, and some of the natural ingredients of Horlicks will also be required for the starving peoples of Europe.

It is hoped that the shops will receive increasing quantities of Horlicks as the months go by; but if you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because many continue to have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

"... the years that the locust hath eaten ..."

Since 1939 large numbers of our men and women have been serving their country in the Forces.

Soon many of them will be returning to their homes, anxious to make a place for themselves in the life of a nation pursuing the arts of peace.

Constructive help will be needed in solving the many business problems that will confront them after long absence from the ordinary affairs of daily life.

The managers of the branches of the Midland Bank have a wealth of experience and knowledge in such matters which they will gladly place at the disposal of men and women—whether customers of the Bank or not—upon their return to civilian life.

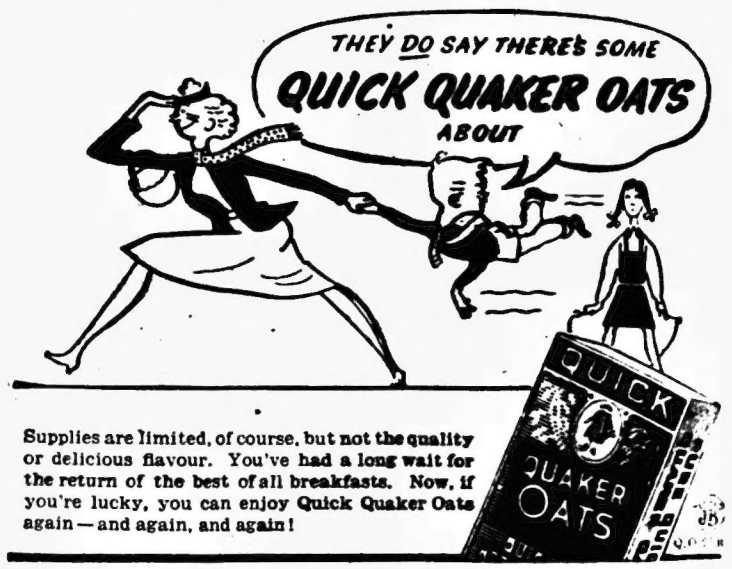
MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

Styles · silhouette · fabrics · colour ranges

—one thing after another

The dress designer has more worries than you'd think; that's fair enough — probably you have more worries than *she'd* think, too! But whether it's the changes in fashions or the continual round of cooking, shopping, washing, **mending and housework, nerves certainly get keyed up, and the soothing cup of** Rowntree's Cocoa is a great standby. It comforts jangled nerves and aids digestion. Unlike so many drinks, it contains body-building protein, energy-giving carbohydrate and fat.

Rowntree's Cocoa
soothes frayed nerves



Supplies are limited, of course, but **not the quality** or delicious flavour. You've **had a long wait for the return of the best of all breakfasts. Now, if** you're lucky, you can enjoy **Quick Quaker Oats** again—and again, and again!

When she's back—

to the meals that mother makes

ah! BISTO
FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

Just a dab of
COLMAN'S MUSTARD
gives a meal more flavour

...but I've got a tin of NESCAFE!

When you do land a tin—what a triumph! Richly fragrant, full-flavoured coffee, made right in the cup. No bother, no messy grounds; no coffee-pot to wash. Nescafé spells all the enjoyment—none of the drawbacks—of really delicious coffee. Unfortunately supplies of Nescafé do not yet keep pace with growing demand.

NESCAFÉ
A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

WHEN THERE'S PLENTY OF EVERYTHING AGAIN

Only the best will be good enough for her

SO KEEP THIS FACT IN MIND .. **ONLY THE FINEST INGREDIENTS ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR**

Mars

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. But Victory will mean plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere

44% FRUIT

Supplies, naturally, are not at peace-time levels; and in some districts O.K. is zoned. Soon we hope, everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K. Sauce.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Without Fear or Favour

ON TOP OF THE WORLD

SOMETHING MORE THAN wise decision and mutual understanding will be necessary to make the Big Three meeting a lasting success. There must be the realisation that new diplomatic methods are coming into operation.

At previous conferences of the British, Russian and American leaders, the men on top of the world rightly gained our respect and relief by establishing "complete harmony" among themselves. But the discord in the world went on.

Thus, Yalta promised us a settled Allied policy. It was followed, in rapid succession, by the Polish crisis, trouble over Yugoslavia, disagreement on the trial of war criminals and differences in the treatment of Germany.

The Polish issue has now been settled. However, another has arisen because of General de Gaulle's trumpeting of allegations against Britain concerning the Levant. A new note of discord has been sounded in the defeated Reich.

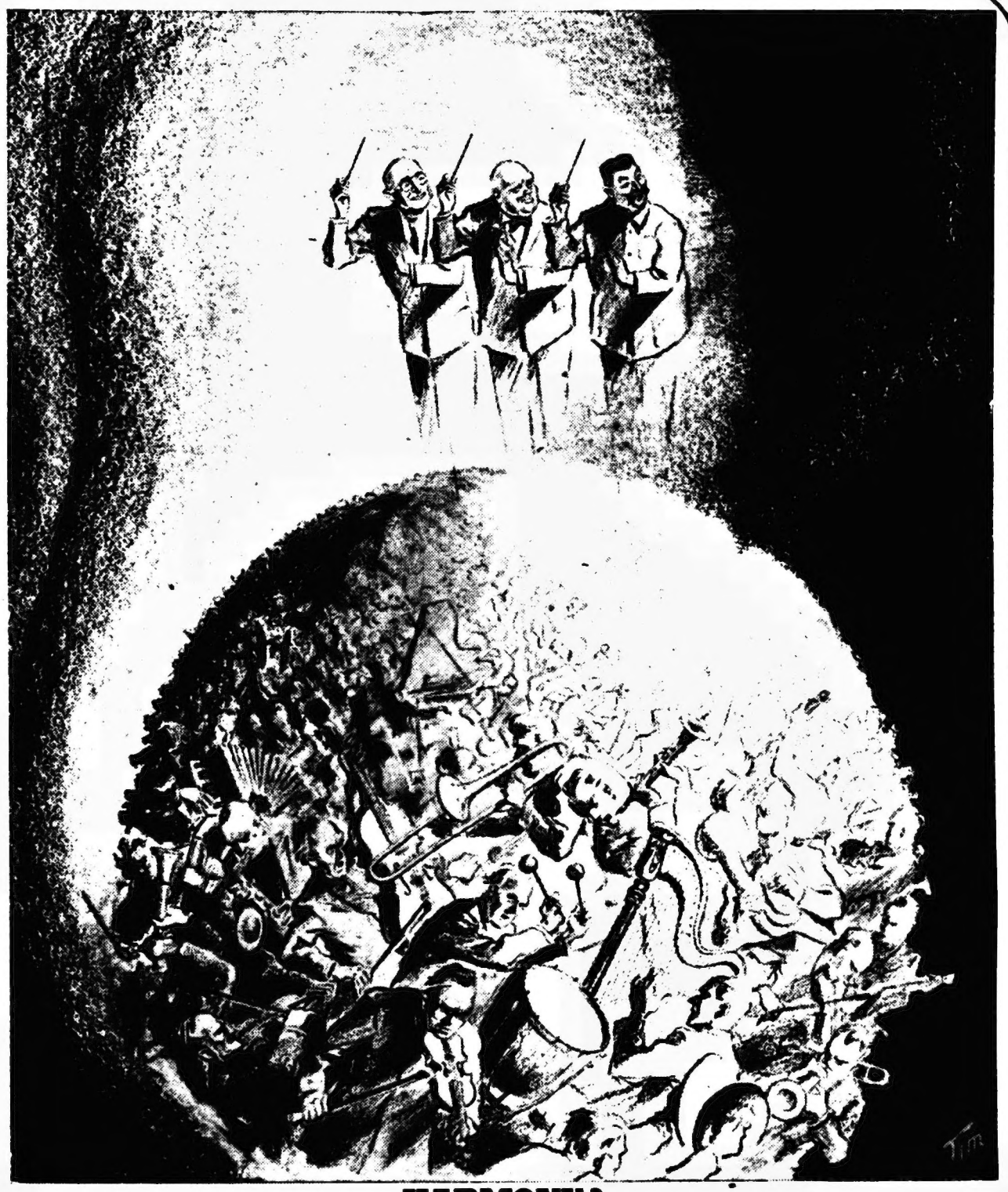
The Russians support the anti-Fascist groups in Germany. We, suspicious of all German "politicians," tend to a bias against the resistance groups and therefore have to improvise an administration with insufficient material.

Now, Stalin and Roosevelt and Churchill could not be blamed for all the difficulties that arose after the Teheran and Yalta conferences. Some might have been foreseen, some could not be. History does not stand still, and political events cannot be fixed like a dead butterfly on a pin.

That is why we must have more effective conducting than can be achieved by occasional meetings of Stalin, Churchill and Truman. In the past, Big Three conferences have been matters of emergency. In the future, the emergencies must be prevented from arising by putting into effect the machinery devised by fifty nations at San Francisco for keeping the peace.

Not by three men alone, whatever their greatness, can the world be kept in tune.

The Editor



HARMONY?

GERMANY'S NEW RULERS ARE NOW TAKING OVER

"Monty" of the Far East. Tiger Force Gets Ready. Wild Gamblers of Borneo. Harvest SOS

WHILE THE EYES of the world are turned upon the Big Three Meeting, following the achievements of San Francisco, significant things are happening in many spheres of Allied activity.

The occupation of Germany is entering upon its second phase and big changes in high-ranking military staff are expected. Gradually the function of A.M.G. (Allied Military Government) is coming to an end and the Allied Control Commission is taking over.

Leading members of the Allied Control Commission have arrived in Germany and are beginning to translate their theories into practice. Economic policy, hitherto conducted on a local basis, is being unified.

First priority is given to food and the prospects for the winter look more hopeful than they did a few weeks ago. A general cut in rations is designed to avert famine in Germany and the attendant unrest on which underground Nazi elements base their hopes of a revival.

Chief's Plan

Sir Percy Mills, Chief of the Economic Division of the Allied Control Commission (British Element) has plans to counter all such attempts.

A successful manufacturer from the Midlands, Sir Percy has worked out a scheme by which German economy will be balanced to avoid rearmament and, at the same time, provide for the needs of the occupation forces, the civilian population and the reparations which Germany must eventually pay.

We may expect changes in other quarters, too, following the appointment of Edward Stettinius as United States representative on the United Nations Security Council. Byrnes, new power in American foreign policy, is to Truman what Harry Hopkins was to Roosevelt.

The reorganisation of President Truman's keymen is not yet complete. Expect some interesting reshuffles.

The President has always been a gifted organiser. Even as a doughboy in the last war he organised a regimental canteen so successfully on co-operative lines that the 1,100 men who launched the venture with two dollar shares apiece got their money back within six months plus 15,000 dollars in dividends!

Who will head the United Nations Security Council in Europe? A Secretary-General and secretariat have to be decided upon and permanent headquarters will have to be found, possibly in Copenhagen.

One name that has been mentioned as a possible Secretary-General is that of Sir Arthur Salter, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in the Caretaker Government.

Sir Arthur, who is sixty-four, and independent member for Oxford University, has considerable experience of League of Nations administration and is now charged with the task of supervising for the British Government the work of UNRRA.

Far East Fire-Eater

MAJOR-GENERAL TWYFORD REES, of the Nineteenth Dagger Division, is a fire-eating little commander who is likely

to become the "Monty" of the Far East.

He, too, is slightly built and has been called in to clear up some tough spots. He has the same facility for getting on good terms with his men.

In the Rangoon area recently he came upon two officers directing digging operations. Peeling off his tunic he rolled up his sleeves, seized a spade and began digging.

"Set the example, gentlemen," he said, "and your men will remember the job's urgent."

His M.C.

With the 7th Indian Division he ran into trouble—a withering cross fire and blanket bombing from enemy planes. Soon he was left with but half of his patrol.

He rallied the survivors and charged the nearest enemy, shooting one man and turning upon the others. When his patrol caught up with him the enemy turned and fled. Thus he earned his M.C.

He wears a bush hat and carries a six-shooter at his hip. He doesn't always stick to textbooks and his unorthodox methods may disturb some brass hats. Off duty he plays the piano and has quite a repertoire of popular songs.

Watch that "Tiger"

"Tiger Force"—code name for the concentration of R.A.F. long-range heavies now off to the Far East—is to be commanded by Air Marshal Sir Hugh Pugh Lloyd

The R.A.F. always nicknames men it likes, and the new Chief is known affectionately as "Hugie Pughie." He planned air defence of Malta at the peak blitz period, and was later air officer Commanding Coastal Force in the North African and Mediterranean theatre.

Like Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff, Lloyd joined the Army in the last war as a despatch rider. He has tremendous energy and drive.

A Long Road

As the Sino-Japanese war enters upon its ninth year (it was described as an "incident" when it first started!) the Japs see their Mikado coming down to earth.

Hirohito, whose divine power, his people are told, will guide them through the grim days ahead, is to lead the Japanese Home Guard in the event of invasion.

Japan is going through a phase reminiscent of the European atmosphere before D-Day. Kyushu, the Southern island, is being rapidly fortified. Lessons of the "Atlantic Wall" are said to have been taken into account!

Borneo Anomaly

Meanwhile, progress in mopping up the Japs in Borneo emphasises the anomalous position of about one-seventh of the big island—British North Borneo.

The 29,347 square miles of territory, with a preoccupation population of 250,000, belongs to the British North Borneo Company, shares of which are quoted and can be gambled in on the London Stock Exchange!

It is the sole remaining company which has sovereign rights in land in the British Empire.

Royal Charter

These are held under a charter granted by Queen Victoria in 1881. Since then the Company has been the government of the country, with a governor appointed by the directors and a civil service of its own.

The Company owns a railway, a telegraph system, wireless stations, wharves, lighthouses, and has controlling interests in rubber companies. In 1940, last year before the Jap invasion, trade amounted to £3,247,000.

Who Holds the Shares?

Capital is in 1,852,385 £1 shares, which have fluctuated in last ten years be-

Sir Walter Citrine recovers from war strain

Vivien Leigh cannot start film work

Maj.-Gen. Rees is the "Monty" of the Far East

tween 3s. and 12s. 3d. A few weeks ago they were 9s. Then the Allies invaded Borneo, speculators jumped in, and pushed them up in a few days to 12s. 6d.

How many of the fighting men in Borneo are shareholders, we wonder?

Tommy Pays

A lesser financial story comes from Greece. When the Greeks set their financial house in order last month Mr. Churchill sent a message to the Prime Minister, Admiral Vulgaris, that "drastic action will no doubt be necessary." Drastic action followed. The drachma rose from 600 to 2,000 to the £. Fine! Except for the British Tommy.

A reader with 4,200 drachmas saved for home leave found himself with £2 2s. instead of £7. His temper was not sweetened by an official warning to the troops to put their money into savings certificates or postal orders—issued exactly 18 hours too late!

Historic Isle

When the King stood this week on the grass mound which is Tynwald Hill on the Isle of Man, a white willow wand in his right hand, he was taking part in a ceremony which dates back to 1422.

There, every year on Tynwald Day, July 5, the laws of the Isle are proclaimed in open-air Parliament. There, centuries ago, ancient Kings of Man swore to rule "justly, impartially, and as uprightly as the wand I now hold."

Every Governor of Man, appointed by the King, who is Lord of Man, takes the self-same oath before his Legislative Council and the twenty-four members of the House of Keys—the Parliament of Man. It was a happy thought of the King to synchronise his visit—the first royal visit for twenty-five years—with historic Tynwald Day.

Queen's Sister

For the Queen, too, the visit is a happy one, for her eldest sister, formerly Lady Rose Constance Bowes Lyon, is wife of Vice-Admiral William Spencer Leveson-Gower, Earl of Granville, the Lieutenant-Governor of Man.

The King and Queen are staying at Government House during their time on the island.

Other Visitors

Among the present visitors to Man is Sir Walter Citrine, secretary of the Trades Union Congress, who is recuperating from overstrain, due to war work.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, another Labour Leader, has paid several visits to the island recently to consult Sir Herbert Barker, the famous manipulative surgeon, whose home is there.

Harvest Helpers Wanted

Harvest prospects for 1945 are excellent. Prospects of help in gathering that harvest are bad.

The muddle, loss and wastage of 1944 must not be repeated. Once again Mr. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, is appealing for volunteer labour. He wants 180,000 adults and 75,000 school children.

Latest figures show that he has so far secured only 49,000 volunteers, or 27½ per cent. of his adult target.

Once-Bitten Complex

The truth is that many who helped in previous camps will not go this year. Millions of workers, denied seaside holidays for six years, will seek the coast this summer at any price.

The problem is pressing. More realistic methods are wanted. The bait of an extra week's leave for Civil Servants if they work on the land is just playing with the problem.

And what could be more harmful to recruitment than reports like that of the Derbyshire War Agriculture Executive Committee, which has told volunteers that it has enough German P o W labour already.

Action Needed

Our food position is too grave to allow muddling methods to continue.

The demobilisation of agricultural workers is an urgent priority.

The drive to secure volunteers must be consistent, organised and on a national scale. There must be none of the red tape which has driven so many girls out of the Women's Land Army.

Far more use must be made of German prisoners and Italian collaborators. At present barely 100,000 are employed on the land—a fraction of this type of man-power available in the country to-day.

Cricket Not Dying

Total receipts in the Sheffield "Utility" Test Match amounted to £7,311, the match being watched by nearly 50,000 people. So much for those who think this great game is dying.

England and Australia have now won one game each in the series, and there is a likelihood of an additional game being arranged at Old Trafford, Manchester, to complete the "rubber" of five games.

Famous Yorkshire cricketer Herbert Sutcliffe, first professional to be elected on to the Yorkshire County Club Committee, has returned from Australia, and says there are a number of fine young cricketers "down under" who will be playing against England in the next series.

Commercial "Cricket"

British sportsmanship and fair dealing is a by-word in Argentina to-day. A story is told of an order placed in Britain when the U-boat campaign was at its worst. The goods were shipped, but lost. A second consignment was sent and was likewise sunk.

Two years elapsed before a third shipment could be got through. The recipients were surprised to find the goods invoiced at the price originally quoted. Result: a leading article in an Argentine paper extolling the virtues of British trade.

Costly Hold-Up

Countless fans of Vivien Leigh, star of "Gone With the Wind," "Lady Hamilton" and other big box-office successes, will be sorry to hear she is ill.

Ordered a long rest by her doctor, she will be unable to start work as arranged in a new Korda production.

As a director had just arrived from Hollywood and contracts had been drawn up for supporting players, Miss Leigh's absence will entail a loss running into thousands of pounds

Justice for Sir Archibald

Sir Archibald Southby is indignant with us, and we hasten to do him justice.

A baronet and former Conservative M.P. for Epsom, which seat he is contesting again, he objects to our suggestion that he "sought the release from detention under Regulation 18b of Captain Ramsay" (John Bull, March 31).

He asks us to cite some statement of his which would substantiate the charge. We are sorry we cannot do so. The facts are that in 1944 Sir Archibald seconded a motion in Parliament objecting to the continued detention of Captain Ramsay or anyone else without the authority of a judicial tribunal and, two years earlier, had sought modification of 18b so that no M.P. should remain in detention without the Commons' approval

Election Tailpiece

This year we have to wait three weeks for the General Election results to allow Service votes to be collected from the various overseas theatres.

Americans, we are told, await the decision as anxiously as we do. They know how much hangs upon it and understand the value of the vote to free men and women.

One of their poets, John Pierpont, who died nearly eighty years ago, summed up that understanding very neatly:

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God:
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you—'tis the ballot-box.

Well, the will of the voters of Britain will soon be made known.

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including protection against

FIRE, BURGLARY, STORM, FLOOD, Etc.

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WAVELL'S GREAT PLAN

Will the Asiatic peoples collaborate with the West? Wavell's proposals should bring 388,000,000 Indians into the "new world"

by A. G. Gardiner

IF THE NEW WORLD born at San Francisco is to become a living reality, India must be one of its chief pillars. Consider what is happening.

The most impressive fact that emerges from the welter of the war is the rebirth of Asia. With the self-destruction of Europe, two mighty potentialities that must have a profound influence on the future of mankind have sprung into activity in the East

Between them China and India contain nearly half the population of the earth. And while the population of the Western world is nearly everywhere declining that of the Eastern world is always increasing.

So long as the white races were the over-lords and the Eastern peoples were content to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for them, this disparity seemed to have no significance.

But now that both China and India are awake and have become racially self-conscious it has tremendous significance. It alters the balance of the world. It foreshadows the shape of things to come.

Simla's Importance to Asia

If that shape is to take the form of the San Francisco Charter, China and India must be the Asiatic pillars of the new world structure. Without those pillars the structure would crumble to the dust.

It is this fact which makes the conference at Simla, an event hardly less momentous than that at San Francisco. For if it removes the deadlock in India it will bring the whole Asiatic world into collaboration with the Western Powers and establish the Charter on an indestructible world foundation.

The causes of the deadlock spring from the vastness and complexity of the Indian world. So far as this country is concerned, the case for the freedom and independence of India is won. All parties are agreed about that, and the scheme which Sir Stafford Cripps took out to India in the name of the late Government two years ago still stands as the considered purpose of this country.

India is a Continent

By this scheme India is offered full Dominion status under its own constitution, subject only to the military necessities imposed on us for the defence of India in the war with Japan.

Like other Dominions, India's right of secession from the British Commonwealth will be absolute. We should, of course, like her to stay within the British orbit, but the question is entirely for herself. There can be no compulsion, and there should be no case for persuasion.

The one condition we make before transferring the government of India to entirely Indian control is that a constitution acceptable to India as a whole is agreed upon.

This condition is vital in the interests of India herself. For nearly two centuries we have been responsible for the maintenance of peace and order throughout the great Dependency, and in justice to the people we have governed so long we cannot surrender that responsibility until a new system of government is set up that will secure them against internal disorder and disruption.

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Field-Marshal the Viscount Wavell, from the portrait by Simon Elwes in the 1945 Royal Academy Exhibition

It is the difficulty of securing this condition that is the cause of the deadlock. The difficulty is inherent in what I have called the vastness and complexity of the Indian world.

India is not a country: it is a continent. In extent it is nearly equal to Europe. In population it is greater than Europe. It speaks as great a variety of languages and dialects as Europe.

It has more religions than Europe. Its two principal communities, the Hindu and the Moslem, are more sharply divided than the Catholic and Protestant communities in Europe.

Add to all this, the caste system that prevails in the Hindu world and the problem of the Untouchables, and it will be obvious why the task of providing a constitution acceptable to all is so difficult of achievement.

When it became apparent that our solutions were unsatisfactory, we threw on the Indians themselves the task of finding a way out.

But the Gandhi-Jinnah conversations only emphasised the wide gulf that separates the two main currents of Indian life and the hopelessness at this stage of reaching an acceptable solution.

Yet the situation could not be allowed to drift. Since India could not untie the knot, we must have another try ourselves. Hence the Wavell scheme and the Simla conference.

And here let me interpolate a few words in praise of Lord Wavell. It was a happy inspiration of Mr. Amery (himself Indian born and the grandson of a former head of an Indian university) to send this remarkable man to unravel the Indian riddle.

Soldier, Scholar, Statesman

He is a brilliant soldier, who has proved his mettle in many fields, from the South African War onwards, notably with Allenby (of whom he wrote a "Life") in Palestine.

He is not only a man of action, but a thinker. He had said more penetrating things about war than any living soldier.

For example, between the wars, he criticised the British Army as "a laggard, slow-moving institution in a fast-moving, scientific world." "We modernise machinery: we must modernise the directing minds."

Speed, he says, is everything in war; spit and polish nothing. "My ideal soldier is a combination of a successful cat burgler, poacher and gangster"

"Every commander needs a touch of the gambler." "All senior officers ought to have 48 hours of mud and fog on manœuvres without information."

But Wavell is more than a brilliant soldier. He was sent to India because he is that rarer creature, a great statesman.

Modest, scholarly, wise, he has the gift of winning men's hearts, and, through their hearts, their confidence.

And it is the confidence of India in our good faith and our disinterested concern for its well-being as a partner in the great adventure of world redemption that is needed. That confidence he has won.

His plan does not aim at a final solution. It aims at bringing all the best thought in India around him to solve the problem of government by practical experience.

Out of that experience he believes the framework of an efficient, just and acceptable constitution will emerge.

He invites the leaders of the parties to nominate the Executive Council over which he presides.

The administration for British India thus formed would consist exclusively of Indians, with the exception of the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief. Even the Minister for Foreign Affairs would be an Indian, and he would send accredited Indian representatives abroad.

The New World Needs India

If the scheme is accepted, therefore, Indian self government is at a stroke made a fact. It is a gesture to India of our desire to help her out of her perplexities into the path of complete independence.

Its purpose is to bring all the conflicting interests of India, religious, racial, economic, round a table where, in the actual work of government, they can devise the form of constitution that will make their nation a great, united, self-governing people.

It is an immense task, which only patience, good will and wise counsel can accomplish. With these things it can be accomplished, and if any appeal of mine could reach the Conference Chamber at Simla, it would be this:

Remember, a new world is in the making. It needs a free, enlightened India as one of its pillars. San Francisco has done its part.

Let Simla arise above the discords of creed, race and caste and join in the great task of building a new and better world on the ruins of the old.

And This is the Kind of Man He Is

TO look at Wavell's record in "Who's Who" you would think he was just another soldier

Educated at Winchester and Sandhurst. Served in South African War (medal with four clasps), Indian Frontier (medal with clasp), won the M.C. in the last Great War, and so on. Decorations from Russia, Egypt, Greece, Poland; a whole string of honours from his own country.

But all that tells little of the real Wavell. Think of him as a stocky, grim-faced, scholarly and quiet man of sixty-two. A man who, though his words are treated as commands by millions, cannot persuade his three daughters to come down to breakfast punctually.

A man who, even in war, places more reliance on his men than on strategy. If that were not so, his North African campaign in this war might have been even more brilliant, for it is said that he was not strict enough with lax subordinates.

Sometimes he is called "Eighty-Book Wavell" because of the library he carries with him everywhere. Much of it consists of poetry, and he has published his own anthology of verse.

A great soldier? Unquestionably. Von Keitel said of him just before this war began: "The British have only one good general, and he is incomparably good." It was he who, in 1936, recognised the soundness of the Red Army and urged the formation of parachute units. His lectures on generalship have become a modern "classic" for military students.

A likeable fellow? He listens more than he speaks. He trusts people to do their job without interference from himself. He is really popular with the Indian Army. There is no pomp or snobbery about him.

A wise statesman? He has the reputation of being liberal-minded, understanding, a student of history. When things go wrong, as in the Indian famine, he gets his information at first hand—even if that means exposing himself to infection in disease-ridden slums. To him must go much of the credit for the Simla "new deal" and the great improvement in Anglo-Indian relations.

OPEN LETTERS

Marshal Chiang Kai-shek

Commander-in-Chief, China

DEAR SIR,—This Saturday, on the beginning of China's ninth year of war, we in Britain will think with admiration of the courage, stamina and high resolution of her 450,000,000 people.

Those qualities, with Allied help, are at last tilting the scales. Within a few days, the Japanese have retreated sixty miles, massacring civilians and burning ricefields on the way. They have lost air supremacy. They are assailed from three sides and from within.

Some 90,000 actions have been fought by the Communists behind the enemy lines. Though perhaps only half a dozen Japanese are slain in each of these stab-in-the-back affrays, more than half the Japanese forces of 400,000 men are pinned down by them.

Unhappily, there is still deadlock between the Communists and yourself. They allege that you are more anti-Communist than anti-Japanese. They detest your secret police. They demand civil liberties and the end of one-Party rule.

You offer them Government posts providing they hand over their army of 600,000 troops and 2,000,000 guerillas. This, they object, would mean giving up North-West China to the enemy.

Thus your country is divided politically as well as riven by war and weakened by economic inflation. None can estimate her losses on the battlefield: the number of wounded left to die from lack of medical supplies, the women and children broken by bombs.

Yet you are wisely preparing for peace. In three years, 4,000,000 people have been taught to read and write. A thousand students are coming to Britain and the U.S.A. each year to train as technicians for reconstruction.

The coming year will bring peace within sight. For the sake of a gallant nation, I hope that neither you nor the Communists will wait for an Allied landing on China's coast to arrive at a political settlement.—JOHN BULL.

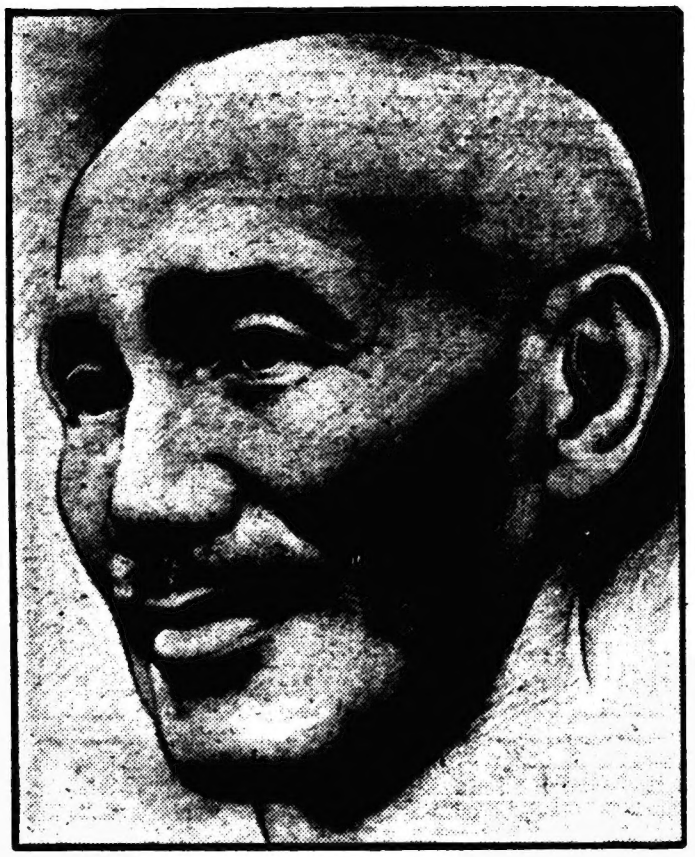
Mrs. Sidney Boyd,

Mayoress of Hampstead, London

DEAR MADAM,—In lamenting that youths and girls have too much freedom nowadays you are echoing the complaints of grandmama and great-grandmama. I daresay Queen Anne said it too.

Surely, many adolescents have now lost their freedom, for their lives are ordered for them by sergeant-majors. But apparently you regard this as a good thing, for you advocate compulsion for those too young to be in the Forces.

"The Hitler Youth movements were extremely thorough and well thought out," runs your unsolicited testimonial for



CHIANG KAI-SHEK AS SEEN BY KALLEM

the Nazi regimentation of childhood. "Hitler produced a tremendous effect upon children, and kept them out of mischief—such as they get into in England."

A tremendous effect indeed! So tremendous that we in Britain are not likely to drill our thirteen-year-olds with dummy rifles. Better far if we provide voluntary clubs and games facilities to counter the mischief arising from boredom and the slum street. Has even Hampstead enough of them?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. John Brown,

Iron and Steel Trades Confederation

DEAR SIR,—State control, we are told, is a monstrous evil. But I have yet to be convinced that control exercised by a few monopolies is a blessing to all who make up the State.

Your union alleges that British steel firms plan to keep production down, import cheap foreign steel to sell here at high prices, and share the profits among themselves. This follows Bevin's reminder that: "In South Wales, firms which have not turned a wheel for years are paying dividends—on the profits made by other firms in the ring."

The industry, in short, is putting private interests first. It is looking backwards to the days when it prevented expansion and so kept workers idle, when thousands of tons of scrap collected for the Chamberlain rearmament "drive" were profitably sold to Germany.

But it should be planning ahead to meet the world's needs. It should be reorganised, even though Lord Greenwood puts the cost at £100,000,000, so that reasonable profits can be made and high wages paid. Will an uncontrolled monopoly do so? We all know the answer.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Frederick George Miles,

Miles Aircraft, Ltd., Reading Aerodrome

DEAR SIR,—An R.A.F. sergeant asks me to congratulate you. In doing so, perhaps I can help airmen who have no job awaiting their release from the Services.

The "Passport to Civvy Street" you have circularised to R.A.F. stations should certainly give them hope. It offers a large number of vacancies for engineering, production, and administrative work. It promises good pay and fair conditions. It lists the rail and 'bus services and the hotels of the district. It adds that "if you find we have nothing suitable for you, our advice services are at your disposal."

A lucid and attractive folder which, I trust, will encourage other firms to show initiative and helpfulness towards those who have gained high technical skill in the service of their country!—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

"Our Grand Business"

THE BEST INTENTIONS in the world will not compensate for lack of action. You may wish to do something; you may long to do it; you may plan all day long and half the night just how you you are going to do it; but so long as you don't make a start, so long as you don't take some sort of action, however small, all your thought, all your wishes and all your intentions are just wasted.

Take politics, for instance, and the present condition of affairs at home. It's no use sitting down and waiting for someone to do something about "it"—whatever particular "it" is annoying you at the moment.

That's mere laziness and intellectual apathy.

There's nothing *you* can do? Well, you can read, and try to understand.

You can talk to other people, argue with them, listen to them, perhaps even learn a little from them. What you have no right at all to do is to do nothing, to take no action, to make no effort. Good intentions without the necessary energy to try to turn them into concrete happenings are only useful for paving a road to a very well known place!

If good intentions could have saved the world, the world wouldn't have needed saving. From the top to the bottom we all need to remember with Carlyle that "our grand business is not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand."

Argument

Election Speeches have reached millions via the Radio

SHOULD PARLIAMENT BE BROADCAST?

yes

1. Every citizen has a right to know what is said in Parliament, but the public gallery in the proposed new House of Commons will seat only 326.

2. Newspapers cannot report debates fully, and most are guilty of misleading their readers by selecting what favours their policy.

3. Hansard (£5 10s. per year) is too expensive for the poor man: and it is not only *what* is said, but *how* it is said that matters.

4. Attendance and standard of speaking in Parliament would be vastly improved if M.P.s knew their constituents were listening-in.

5. Time-wasting procedures could not long survive if broadcasting exposed them to the public scrutiny.

6. Suppression by the Press of news given in Parliament (witness the recent Greek affair) would be impossible.

7. Democracy began in ancient Athens with the whole city attending public debate on policy. Broadcasting can make this true democracy possible today for a nation of fifty millions.

no

1. You must either broadcast all Parliament or none. Any power of selection would be too dangerous.

2. Therefore one wavelength would be permanently occupied by Parliament—a wasteful process not justified by demand. New Zealand gave it up because of public boredom.

3. Hansard is available in every public library. For the radio public, the B.B.C.'s plan for joint weekly reports on Parliament from M.P.s of each Party is a reasonable solution of the problem.

4. Even today some M.P.s play to the gallery. Suppose the "gallery" were millions?

5. Even if all proceedings were broadcast, the advantage of speaking at peak listening periods would be very great and there would be endless jockeying for position.

6. The showy speaker would have great advantage over the sounder but less eloquent member. Every speech would be an election speech.

7. Athenian meetings didn't last day and night five days a week. People would either not hear the debates or would have to neglect their daily work to do so.

Holidays with pay? Splendid. But what sort of holiday will the pay purchase? A JOHN BULL Investigator probes our seaside chaos, outlining reforms to give holiday-makers a square deal

"Oh, I Do Like to be Beside the Seaside!"

by JOHN GRANT

MORE THAN 15,000,000 people are getting holidays with pay this year. This is nearly twice as many as in 1939, and five times as many as in 1937.

Add their wives and families, and the people with businesses of their own, and you get at least 30,000,000 wanting to go somewhere for a week or a fortnight, and for preference in July or August.

Is it any wonder the railway stations are congested, the trains crowded, the beaches packed?

Is it any wonder that every hotel and every boarding house is full, every private room let?

Already, in March, the well-known resorts were booked up. Evacuees and Civil Servants were being turned out of their rooms to make way for holiday lettings at two and three times the usual rent.

Great Demand, Small Supply

Reports from all round the coast tell the same story. Boarding houses that charged £2 10s. a week before the war are now demanding and getting—seven, eight, and nine guineas a week.

Landladies with two or three rooms to let are insisting that visitors bring their own sheets and towels, are refusing to take children, are offering only two meals a day, and, on top of all this, are doubling and trebling their prices.

Food shops in the holiday towns are often sold out by ten in the morning. Cafés and restaurants have long queues down the street.

Optimists arriving at the coast without booking accommodation are left stranded. At Southend recently they were even turned out of railway waiting-rooms to sleep, if they could, on the sands.

At the end of last month the holiday-makers held an indignation meeting on the Torquay beach. One man complained that he was paying 10½ guineas for accommodation which cost 3 guineas before the war. A woman said she was charged £5 15s. 6d. a week for a caravan, and had to supply her own linen, crockery and food.

Three days later Torquay town council opened an information bureau on the front and invited hotel and boarding-house keepers to notify them of vacant rooms. They hoped in this way to steer the public away from the £3 a night places, and to bring pressure to bear on the profiteers to reduce their unreasonable charges.

But what, after all, can a town council do? In many of our most popular summer resorts there is only a half or a quarter of the pre-war accommodation available. And there may be anything up to twice as many people wanting holidays.

Short Season for Tradesmen

With no official control the law of supply and demand produces its inevitable results. The town councils, however they may disapprove of what is going on, have no adequate powers to stop it. The Hotel Keepers' Associations, however they may regret the bad publicity, can do nothing.

The holiday trade has always been one of the most disorganised in the country. Even before the war most of the popular resorts were regularly overcrowded every summer.

Even before the war there were landladies who charged huge rents for dingy rooms, sagging beds, cold tea, rice pudding and prunes and custard. There were shopkeepers who put up their prices "for the season," and restaurants that sold bad meals for a great deal more than they were worth.

If you think of it, even 12,000,000 people (a pre-war estimate) crowding every summer into the seaside towns, demanding rooms and beds, food and service and amusement, must bring about an enormous dislocation of the normal economic system.

Flashlight photograph of a night scene in Blackpool. Holiday-makers, unable to find rooms, "sleep rough" in a seaside shelter

At least eighty watering places live almost entirely on the holiday trade, and have to make enough money in four or five short months to keep them for the rest of the year.

Estimates of the total amount of money spent annually in Britain on holidays vary widely. In 1938 figures were quoted as low as £50,000,000 and as high as £200,000,000.

The fact is, nobody knows, and no really systematic survey has been made. But Southend council used to make over £20,000 a year out of 2d. deck chairs alone, concert parties round the coast grossed close on £500,000, Brighton pier had nearly 2,000,000 paid visitors a year, and the slot machines showed an average income of £12 to £14 a day each.

The Pay-Packet is Not Enough

All that is the mere small change of holiday-making. The trade, as a whole, mounts up to one of the biggest industries in the country. But because of its seasonal nature, and its almost complete lack of organisation, it is one of the most inefficient.

The question is: Can anything be done? Anything to improve the standards (without increasing the charges) of our smaller hotels and boarding houses, anything to give the millions of post-war holiday makers better value for their money?

This is not mere pious benevolence. The days are gone when holidays were looked on as luxuries suitable only for the rich and privileged.

The human machine cannot go on indefinitely without rest and repairs, and holidays are now recognised as essential to genuine efficiency.

Hence the Government's drive for holidays with pay. But the situation this summer has made it more than ever obvious that it is not enough to give a man two weeks off with a minimum pay envelope (no bonus, no overtime) in his pocket. He wants somewhere to go.

Somewhere with fresh air, and sun (if possible), and good food and cheerful rooms, and a reasonable choice of healthy occupations. Somewhere with provision for children of all ages, as well as the grown-ups. And all at a price he can afford.

In most of the big resorts the town councils have done a great deal towards providing public amenities. But their best efforts at persuading their own citizens to give better value for the money they take are handicapped by lack of power to weed out the sharks and enforce regulations.

Overall Improvement Needed

Organisations like the Cyclists' Touring Club and the Workers' Travel Association have had some influence in keeping landladies and boarding houses up to the mark. But as long as the demand for accommodation exceeds the supply they are handicapped in their efforts.

Youth hostels and holiday camps have already shown what can be done in the way of value for money, given proper organisation. We need many more of these and for preference they should be run on a democratic and co-operative basis.

But we also need a considerable improvement in the ordinary standards of holiday accommodation all over the country. And the most hopeful body for bringing it about is already in existence.

Watch on the Sharks

When Mr. Bevin, as Minister of Labour, set up the Catering Commission, he gave it powers not only to wipe out sweated conditions of work in the catering trades, but to make a start, at least, towards improving not only wages but services, and getting rid at last of what he called the "prunes-and-custard boarding-house."

The Commission will start with persuasion, giving advice and information to the industry, and providing facilities for training cooks and waiters, maids and managers.

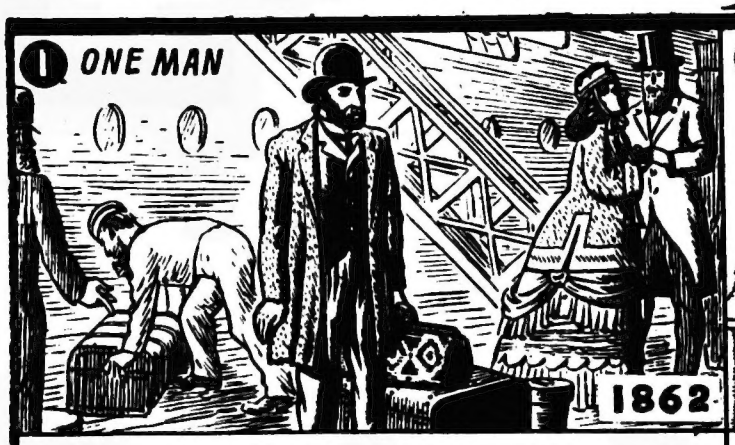
Eventually, however, it should do more. It should be empowered to register all hotels, boarding houses and lodging houses in the country, to keep a check on prices, and to insist on adequate standards of accommodation and service. In short, to see that the man in the street gets a square deal.

The Story of a Cartel-

1875

1945

1 ONE MAN



Ludwig Mond arrives in England

2 PARTNERSHIP

John Brunner and Ludwig Mond start an ammonia factory at Winnington - Cheshire

3 COMBINE

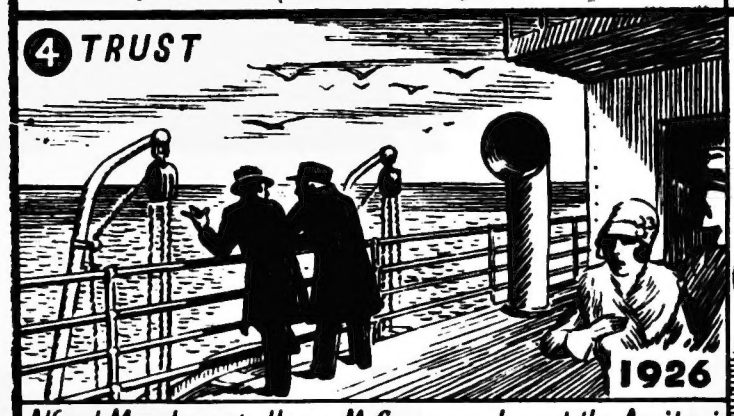
1881 Capital - £600.000

1884 Capital - £1,500,000

1884-1918 - Complete domination of alkali & allied industries

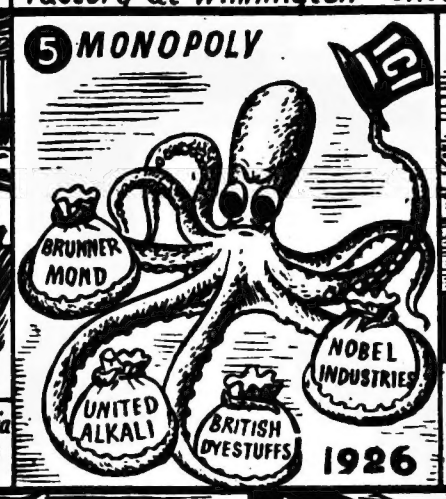
1909 Ludwig dies. Succeeded by Alfred, first Lord Melchett

4 TRUST

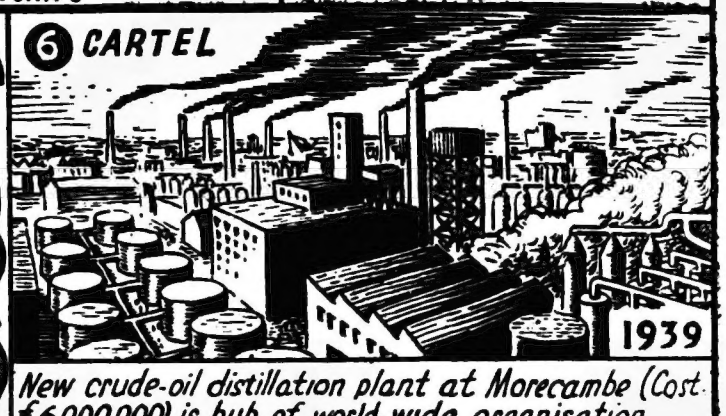


Alfred Mond meets Harry McGowan on board the Aquitania
They found the I.C.I. - Capital: £65,000,000

5 MONOPOLY



6 CARTEL



New crude-oil distillation plant at Morecambe (Cost £6,000,000) is hub of world-wide organisation
1939: I.C.I. GROSS PROFIT - £7,000,000

7

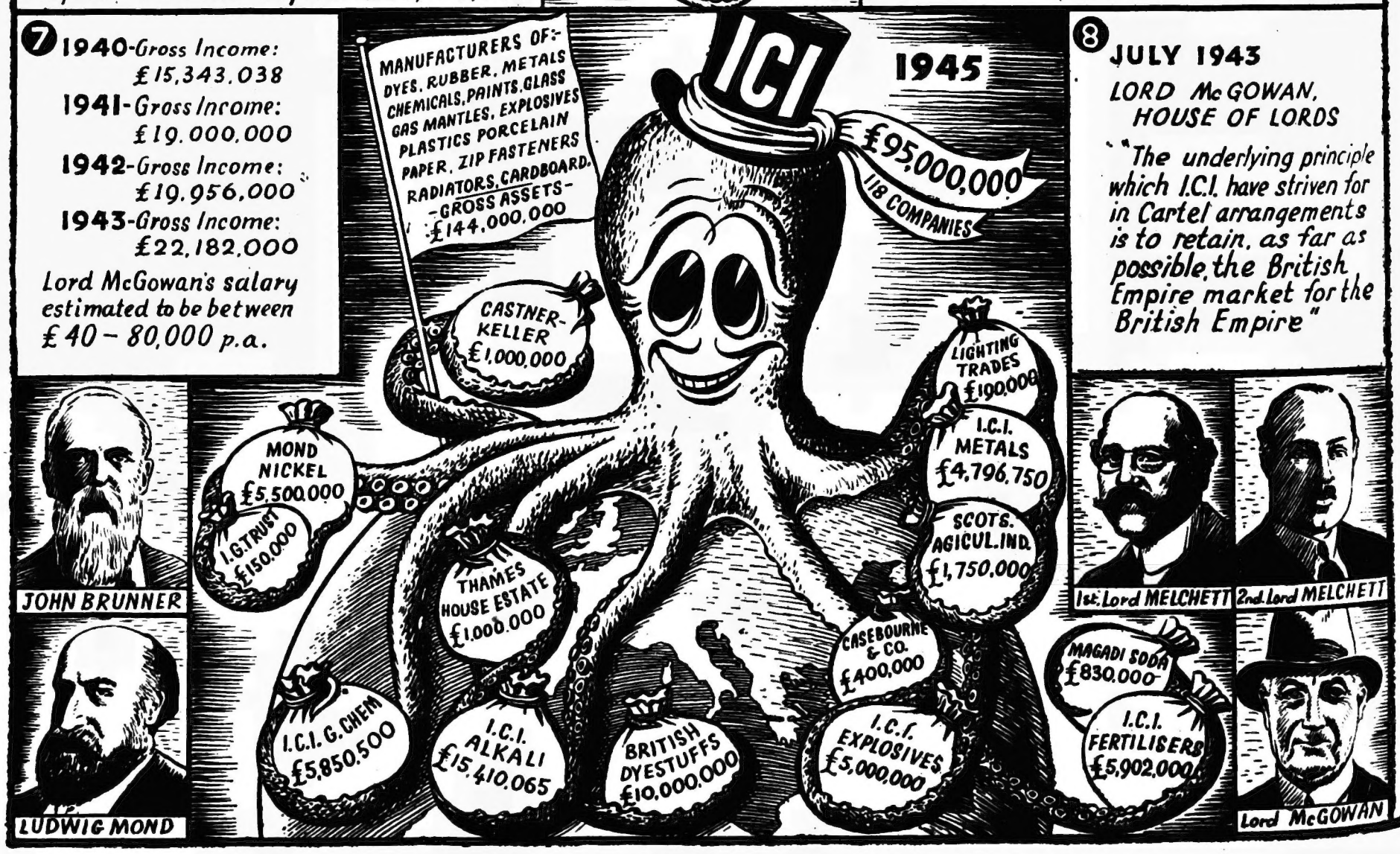
1940 - Gross Income: £15,343,038

1941 - Gross Income: £19,000,000

1942 - Gross Income: £19,956,000

1943 - Gross Income: £22,182,000

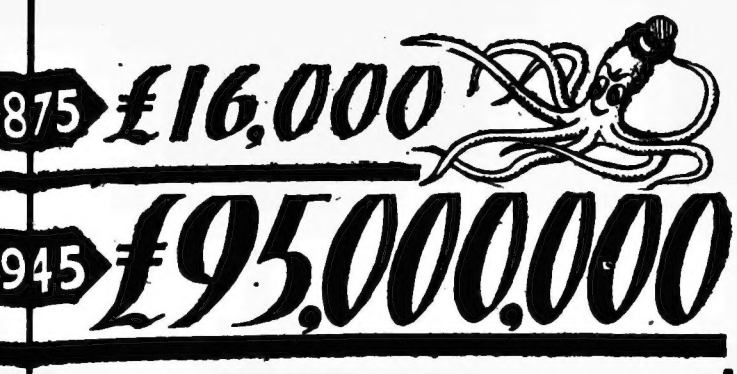
Lord McGowan's salary estimated to be between £40 - 80,000 p.a.



8 JULY 1943

LORD McGOWAN, HOUSE OF LORDS

"The underlying principle which I.C.I. have striven for in Cartel arrangements is to retain, as far as possible, the British Empire market for the British Empire"



IN 1867 A GERMAN chemist named Ludwig Mond came to Britain from Cassel, his home town. Within five years he had joined forces with John Brunner, a British chemist, who had started a small factory at Winnington, Cheshire. They made ammonia soda.

They were licensed to use their process by the Belgian Solvay Co., but Mond's ingenuity soon expanded the business to the making of ammonia and producer-gas by a new technique involving the use of nickel.

One by one each competitor was subjugated. By the 1880's "Brunner-Mond" had established a virtual monopoly.

They further extended this control of the alkali world by acquiring a large slice of the soap industry (afterwards sold for a handsome profit to Lever Brothers), and by buying up the Buxton lime firms. They spent the 1914-18 war exploiting various German patents governing explosives, alkalis and certain allied industries.

The original Mond died in 1909, and his son Alfred reigned in his stead. Alfred became the first Lord Melchett in 1910.

Imperial Chemical Industries was born in 1926. The hitherto national organisation became an imperial one as the result, it is said, of a chance meeting on board the *Aquitania* of Alfred Mond and Harry McGowan.

THE NEW COMBINE welded together four enormous concerns—Nobel Explosives, British Dyestuffs, Brunner-Mond, and United Alkali. These were not just four individual organisations but a single entity, controlling a host of associated companies and their subsidiaries.

The I.C.I. leviathan was said to have made Britain independent of foreign dyestuffs, explosives and fertilisers. It ranked with the most powerful international cartels.

Having adopted Melchett's personal heraldic motto, "Make yourself necessary," the new I.C.I. fulfilled this dictum with staggering efficiency and speed. Melchett himself went all over Europe seeing the various big shots.

In 1931, Lord McGowan, then Sir Harry, stated at the general meeting of the I.C.I. that their relations with the biggest chemical manufacturers of the world continued to be satisfactory.

Recently, when pressed to divulge his income from the organisation, Lord McGowan refused to do so; nevertheless, it has been estimated that he must make between £40,000 and £80,000 per annum.

WHERE WILL WOMEN GO NEXT?

War has brought thousands of women into industry. A nation's real wealth is the labour on which it can call. What will women do in the post-war world?

by HANNEN SWAFFER

WHAT WILL WOMAN'S place be in post-war Britain? In the first World War, she won her right to a vote. In the second, she established her claim to equal status in industry.

In the world in which I normally move—the world of Journalism, the Theatre, Literature, Art and Music—woman won her proper place many years ago. In that, she has so long been a co-worker on an equal basis that we take her for granted. Why, for four years we have got used to mere girls being war correspondents! In the invasion of Germany, they shared all the risks with the men. Well, they had been nurses on the battlefield decades before. . . . So why not, if they could do the job?

In highly skilled occupations of all kinds, women have so far established themselves that so long ago as 1931, when the last census was taken, there were 438,235 women engaged in professional work as compared with 402,306 men. Roughly, that was fairly proportionate. For there were then 23,336,000 females in the total population of 44,795,000.

To-day, because of the call made upon them by the urgency of war, many more women are engaged in the auxiliary services, the social services, civil defence, industry, agriculture, thousands not only doing a full-time job in factories and offices but running their homes at the same time.

"Keep Out" Barriers

If, intelligently, and as part of a national plan, this tremendous reserve of labour continues to be utilised, the ravages of war will soon be repaired.

Besides, a nation's real wealth is the labour upon which it can call.

Why, if a peer can sit in the House of Lords automatically, is a peeress in her own right refused entrance to the gilded chamber? Why are women barred from the diplomatic and consular services, except on a temporary basis? Were men so successful as all that before September, 1939?

There is still sex prejudice in Architecture and in Accountancy—the number of women chartered accountants is 101—while in Agriculture it was only during the war that a few women became county organisers. Nor, in Horticulture, were pre-war women admitted on the same terms as men at Kew, the Botanic Gardens, Cambridge, the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, or as workers in the parks.

No women are employed in Forestry except as labourers. While the Institute of Bankers' examinations are open to them, none are bank managers.

Women are not admitted to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic or Anglican churches nor to the ministries of the Presbyterians or Methodists. The Baptists, the Congregationalists and the Unitarians allow women to fill their pulpits. Soon, perhaps, the Church of England may relent, for there is a growing number of Anglicans against the ban.

There are no women town clerks or borough treasurers in England. Only Wales has a relieving officer—one! At long last London has the first woman stipendiary magistrate.

Provincial cities, but never London, have had either a woman Lord Mayor or a Sheriff.

In fact, but not in practice, a woman may become a judge or even Lord Chancellor. Many have succeeded as barristers and solicitors.

In Medicine, equality is the general rule as regards fees and salaries. But not even to-day do St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Guy's and the Middlesex Hospital allow women students. In the provinces, where medical co-educational training is the rule, the proportion of women students is 21.4 per cent.; in London, it is only about half that. Hospitals seldom give women senior posts.

Mothers are not Criminals

Only two of London's five dental schools admit women students. Nor are women admitted to the Stock Exchange, either in London or the provinces.

In the Civil Service, men and women work on the same salary; but after the first few years men receive larger increments and eventually reach a maximum not exceeding 20 per cent. above that for women in the same grade. The inequality increased in the war.

Although the Laundry trade is essentially a woman's industry, it ranks third in the number of women employed. Although they largely organise the work and supervise the labour, they are debarred from shaping policy.

In Engineering, women are at last allowed to workshop apprenticeship and membership of the craft unions. The few who were fully trained before the war are all very fully occupied. The only woman marine engineer did her job on the sea so successfully that she won the M.B.E.

Seventeen public bodies, however, still bar women. They cannot serve, for instance, as Charity Commissioners, or Coal Commissioners. They cannot join Trinity House, the Metropolitan Water Board, the standing committee of the British Museum, the Fine Art Commission or the committee that scrutinises political honours

In Teaching, some local authorities still impose a marriage ban, this at a time when children will have to leave school at the age of fourteen until—perhaps—we do something about it in 1947.

Well, in this time of stress and urgency, when all our labour is needed for the reconstruction of industry, what will the place of women be?

Caroline Haslett, who is the organiser of 111,000 British professional women, after years of study of all the difficulties facing women, foresees a post-war world in which woman can interest herself more in many branches of effort.

"First and foremost, however," she declares, "the housing problem must be solved and everything should be done to elevate the profession of motherhood. If women are to work as well as be mothers, the State should properly respect motherhood.

"There should be time off, before and after childbirth. Motherhood must not be penalised. According to the law in Sweden, a woman cannot be dismissed because she is going to have a child. Instead of saying, 'The right of women to work,' the Swedes say 'The right of the working woman to marry.'

"If there were public nurseries and shopping were easier, a mother could find enough time and energy to take part in local government, and work for education and child-welfare."

Case for Equal Pay

Woman is man's counterpart, not a rival, neither superior nor less in importance. As Tennyson wrote, many years ago:

"The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall man grow? But work no more alone. . . ."

How many women will remain in industry now that the war is over only time can show. Many have grown to like it.

Essential in any case, both in the interest of men and of women alike, is equality of pay. If women receive less than men, they become unequal competitors. If they are paid the same, there can be no blacklegs. Then the last argument against women in industry will be removed.

After five and a half years' service, these Wrens are handing in their kit. But they'll find many jobs in Civvy Street still barred to women

Stalin as Only a Few Know Him

by VINCENT BROME

For years he has been one of the world's greatest men—and one of the least known. A new book tells of incidents in his life that throw a new light on his real character

THERE IS A WIDESPREAD impression that Joseph Stalin has never visited this country and knows little of Britain. Yet Stalin once came to London—and nobody noticed.

He went to a small church known as the Brotherhood Church, and there he took part in a meeting which first brought him into contact with Trotsky

Stalin was then twenty-eight, but already the fire of the young agitator had given way to something more mature, and afterwards he wrote: "The London Congress helped considerably to further the unification and consolidation of the Russian Social Democratic Labour Party. That is the first important result of the London Congress."

There were other sides to the meeting which were not of great political significance, but which were none the less stimulating to the young Stalin.

Masterly Hit

For instance, a Polish delegate to the meeting, who appeared on a very different footing from the London Poles of to-day, made short work of an interruption from the Mensheviks.

"It is we who stand by the Marxist view," the Mensheviks cried.

"No, comrades," the Polish delegate, Tysko, retorted, "you lie down on the Marxist view"

"That was a masterly hit," Stalin commented.

This episode is not of major importance in J. T. Murphy's biography, *Stalin* (John Lane, 15s.), but it is one of many interesting sidelights which the book throws on one of the men who to-day occupies the centre of the European scene.

The cloud of mystery has long surrounded the personality and life of Joseph Stalin. A few bare facts have come through from time to time, but the full likeness of the man himself has remained obscure.

Smuggled Into Russia.

Murphy's book does not entirely lift the veil, but he has succeeded in combining two different aims. He has made a serious biographical study of Joseph Stalin, and he has dovetailed it into the history of modern Russia in a way which shows the profound effect of one upon the other that will fascinate serious students of Russian affairs. He has also kept a thread of excitement running through the story which will hold the attention of anyone distantly interested in the Russian leader.

Murphy's qualifications for writing this book are unique. He went to Russia as a representative of the British Shop Stewards, and his first entry into that country via Germany was dramatic enough. He was smuggled by Dutchmen into Germany, by Germans into a Russian prisoner-of-war camp, and by Russians from Esthonia into Russia.

Once in Russia he not only spent some years living among the people, but took an active part in Russian political affairs. He knew all the Soviet leaders from Lenin and Trotsky to Stalin and Molotov. He saw a good deal of Stalin, and on several occasions they argued about Anglo-Russian affairs.

More interesting still, towards the end it fell to Murphy's lot to argue the expulsion of Trotsky from the ranks of Communism. It was a remarkable business—an Englishman initiating one of the biggest moments in modern Russian history.

Murphy has written the best biography of Stalin so far published. It not only takes us right behind the scenes of Russian affairs, but also explodes a series of dangerous myths about Stalin.

It is true that Marshal Stalin was a cobbler's son. It is true that they brought him up in a living-room five yards square with a door which gave directly on a cobble-stoned alley and a dirty stream.

Sombre, Thoughtful Man

But this background did not produce the crude, unlettered revolutionary. It produced a sombre, thoughtful man who quickly took to books. Although Stalin does not give the impression of having great literary knowledge, he is, none the less, very well read.

It is true that he is primarily interested in the fate of Russia—but not to the exclusion of every other nation. In fact, with that very word "nation" he has shown a far more penetrating understanding of other countries than many of our politicians have achieved.

"A nation," said Stalin, "is primarily a community, a definite community of people. This community is not racial, nor is it tribal. The modern Italian nation was formed from Romans, Teutons, Etruscans, Greeks, Arabs and so forth. The French nation was formed from Gauls, Romans, Britons, Teutons and so on. The same should be said of the British, the Germans and others."

Murphy has had access to police records in writing this book, and he tells the story of Stalin's secret press, a great organisation for issuing illegal publications.

Here is part of the police report: "On Saturday, April 15, in the courtyard of an uninhabited detached house belonging to D. Rostomashvili, in Alvabar, some 150 paces from the City Hospital for Contagious Diseases, a well was discovered some 70 ft. deep, which could be descended by means of a rope and pulley.

Hidden in a Well

"At a depth of about 50 ft. there was a gallery leading to another well in which there was a ladder about 35 ft. high giving access to a vault situated beneath the cellar of the house. In this vault was a fully equipped printing plant with 20 cases of Russian, Georgian and Armenian type, and a hand press."

It needs a hard and fast Marxist to agree with all Murphy's interpretations of Stalin's life. But even when the reader disagrees, the book still makes stimulating reading. It needs a pretty big swallow to find his explanation of the Russian trials convincing, but it is one of the best explanations of its kind.

For the rest, here is a remark of Stalin's which goes a long way towards revealing his character: "Mr. Willkie, you know I grew up a Georgian peasant. I am unschooled in pretty talk. All I can say is, I like you very much."

MAN OF THE PEOPLE

LAST WEEK Stalin gave a great Victory banquet in the Kremlin. This was his toast:

"I wish to drink to the health of those people who are only considered as small screws in the great mechanisms of State—but without whom all of us, marshals and commanders of all the fronts and all the armies, are not worth a damn.

"Should we overlook the tiny screw, all our work is ruined.

"They are modest people—these tens of millions I speak about. Nobody writes anything about them. They have no titles. They have few distinctions.

"But these are the people who support us as the foundation supports the top. I drink to the health of these comrades whom we revere."

The man who made it could speak from the heart, for he is a man of the people himself.

Born at Tiflis 65 years ago, he was the child of a village cobbler. At twelve he won a scholarship.

But while still a youth he learned to rob banks—to gain funds for the revolutionary movement. He was exiled to Siberia six times and spent ten years in police hands.

The war has restored his physical vigour. It released him from the incessant paper work of the Kremlin for trips to the battlefields. From each visit he returned sun-tanned, cheerful, capable of harder work and longer hours than ever.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Candidate's Diary

● 8.30 a.m. Breakfast. Feeling terrible. Sore throat—result of trying to shout down hecklers. Big postbag, mostly about housing. Glad my election agent has given secretary set of replies to awkward questions.

10 a.m. Visit committee rooms. New posters arrived—some fool slipped up and printed my picture bigger than Churchill's.

10.30 a.m. Start tour of villages. Men all out at work. Agent says women's vote very important. Promise refrigerators and stainless steel kitchens. They seem keener on more food and better local 'bus services. Sometimes I feel I know what people want better than they do themselves.

12.30 p.m. Address factory meeting. Noisy. Voice asked if I had told workers in one of my own factories that, if Socialists came into power, I should have to cut wages. Said yes. Voice reminded me that I had also said high wages necessary to win the peace. Did I intend to cut wages and so sabotage the peace if my opponents got in? Dodged it by replying that everything depended on exports.

● 1.30 p.m. Sandwich in pub. surrounded by supporters. My morale considerably higher.

2.15 p.m. Committee rooms. New window-stickers arrived. Useless owing to idiotic misprint reading: "Help Him Finish the *Jobs*"—looks as if we want to start sacking people. Agent says when hecklers ask what I did in the war, I must think of better story than saying I was a director of five important companies. I suggested slogan "I made bombs, not butter." He said: "People want butter, not bombs." Surely I'm not losing my touch?

3.30 p.m. Addressed meeting for women. Docile crowd. Except one aggressive woman who asked why 200 men had been laid off at one of my factories last month. Replied rather wittily: "Don't you know there's a war off?" Big laugh from the front rows.

5.30 p.m. Home at last. Change and rest ready for important evening meeting. Big Noise from headquarters coming to speak. Agent says arrangements made to pack hall with supporters.

● 7 p.m. Meeting. Big Noise chuckled heartily when I scored off heckler (obviously paid by opposition) who asked awkward question on housing. I answered: "If you spent more time at work and less at home, you wouldn't be worried about what your house was like." Supporters excellent. Big Noise very pleased at his reception.

9.30 p.m. Agent insisted on street-corner meeting to catch crowds returning from cinemas. Loud voice asked: "If the other side are elected, they will represent the nation, so won't they then be a National Government?" Memo: Ask agent what people think National means.

10.30 p.m. Committee rooms and then home. Still wondering what Big Noise meant when he ended: "And so I ask for your votes for Mr. Churchill in spite of my friend the candidate here."

12 (midnight). Bed. Thank God when this is over. Once in the House, I can forget about these people and their eternal questions on housing, and jobs and food.

Free Speech

OVERSEAS—AND OVERLOOKED?

Where the war is not over. Thanks to the people of Australia. Can the saving habit become a disease? A soldier praises our children. Weeds win over gardener

THE QUESTION I and many others out here in Italy are asking is: Does the Government really want to grant us leave in Britain? We think that, for some reason, it does not.

Apparently those in high positions cannot realise, and will not try to imagine, what it is like to exist on letters and thoughts for two and a half years or more, while our children grow out of all recognition and are brought up as virtually fatherless.

We believe that the lack of shipping has developed into a stock excuse. In any case, there are other routes. There are plenty of vehicles, and good roads all the way from Italy to the Channel ports. Why not use them? Surely we have aircraft, too, now that the war in Europe is over. We can't forget that the Americans manage to fly 50,000 of their men home each month.—GUNNER W., Royal Artillery.

MY FRIENDS and I are "Desert Rats," and we like to think we helped the Nazis to their downfall. Now we are peace time soldiers looking forward to our return to civilian life. But, in the meantime, we in the B.L.A. are expected to work and act like a flock of sheep. Leaves are few and far between, and we are being developed into the glassy-eyed, shiny automatons that were the aim of Army training before the fighting.

The things we have endured in the past have been borne with a good heart but now we are disappointed and disillusioned. We are beginning to lose faith in those who said such wonderful things about us not so very long ago. Just sign me—"DESERT RAT," B.L.A.

HERE'S A REPORT from the South East Asia Command. Mail excellent. Medical services, fine. Cigarettes, shocking. Though promised a hundred a week, we've been lucky to get twenty behind the line, exclusive of the Indian old rope variety.

Food, not so good. People at home should try living on compo. rations for a week. And, contrary to some newspaper stories, the boys out here do not get fresh eggs and fruit whenever they like.—CORPORAL R. R., South East Asia Air Forces.

(Full names and addresses of the above three writers have been supplied.—EDITOR.)

Seeds of Friendship

SEEING SO MANY seeds lying in the shops, I thought it would be a good idea to enclose a few packets in letters to my unformed friends on the Continent. I am sure the local inhabitants will be delighted to have them, especially the gallant Dutch.

I hope others will follow suit. A 2d. packet of seeds may save lives next winter. — FLIGHT - LIEUTENANT, R.A.F., Yorkshire (address supplied).

Thanks, Australia

AN AUSTRALIAN airman writes to say "Thank you" to the people of Britain for his treatment while here. (JOHN BULL, June 9.) We in our turn want to say "Thank you" to *his* people. My youngest son writes to say that the Australians cannot do enough for him.

They come up in the streets to talk about the Old Country, and one family entertained him for five days. They took him out in the car every day and just couldn't do enough to please him. This wasn't an isolated case. So—thanks, Australia.—K. D. MITCHELL, 9, St. Paul's Road, Erith, Kent.

(Sixty-five readers have written similarly. All speak in glowing terms of Australian friendship.—EDITOR.)

Closed—No Customers

HOW MUCH LONGER are public-houses going to open and shut just when they like? All their customers don't drink beer or spirits, yet folk who want a grapefruit or a mineral are shut out on the wrong side of a "No Beer" notice. Some of the worst offenders will have to alter their notices one day to "Closed, no customers."—C. KENT, 48, Victoria Road, Mitcham, Surrey.

Fraternisation?

A SHORT TIME AGO, I went to play the piano at an American hospital camp. When I began to play a selection from

"I was stopped by an officer"

"Madame Butterfly," I was stopped by an officer. He told me that this would not be tolerated in the United States because of the war with Japan.—GEORGE J. PULLIN, Arnside Road, Southport.

No Place for Baby

I AM HAVING my first baby and have tried in vain to get into a nursing-home or hospital. They are all full and I'm told I shall have to have my baby at home. "Home" is a combined room in which my husband and I live. Is that a fit place to give a baby life?—Mrs. B. FOSTER, 26, Burford Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham.

That Saving Habit

FOR YEARS MY WIFE AND I have been saving for "the evening of life." Now we have reached that stage, and we have agreed to live on our pension and a little capital. But my wife still tries to save out of the pension. Personally I consider all this saving has become a disease.—A. E. YOUNG, 9, Cambridge Street, Wellingborough, Northants.

Drunken Cockerel

SOON PEOPLE WILL BE making home-grown wine. I hope they will be careful with the waste materials. A Kentish man made sloe wine not long ago and threw the stones on a rubbish heap. A cockerel pecked at them and was soon hopelessly drunk. For several hours the bird stood against a tree, wings outstretched and quite defenceless.—W. J. BOORMAN, 14, Southfield Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

"No-Applause" Order

I AM A SOLDIER with five and a half years' service and have been in nearly all theatres of war. Often I have gone down on my knees to pray that the end would come quickly. But now that it is over, I find I am forced to do things I have been fighting against. These non-fraternisation rules are most un-English and ill-considered.

The other day we were confronted with this battalion order: "A German band will come to entertain the battalion tomorrow at 18.00 hours. There will be no applause during the performance."—L/CPL. E. M., B.L.A. (Address supplied.)

Showing Their Points

OUT SHOPPING, I discovered a store with a big window display of points goods, prunes and condensed milk included. I darted in with my ration book and was told they had nothing except what was in the window. But it was not their practice to take anything out of the window!—MISS D. EDMUNDS, 11, Vernon Road, Oldbury, Worcs.

We Kept Our Pride

WHY DO SOME PEOPLE try to make out that this war has turned us all into dishonest petty swindlers? When I landed home from Italy I found it difficult to give away chocolate which had been so eagerly sought by the Italian children.

Children in England invariably told me, "No, that's your ration—we've had ours." Recently, too, I have had quite a few tips refused, or been told that I had offered "far too much." So despite all I've read, I am one Serviceman who refuses to believe that our national pride and honesty were shelved when war came.—LIEUT. N. S., S.W.1.

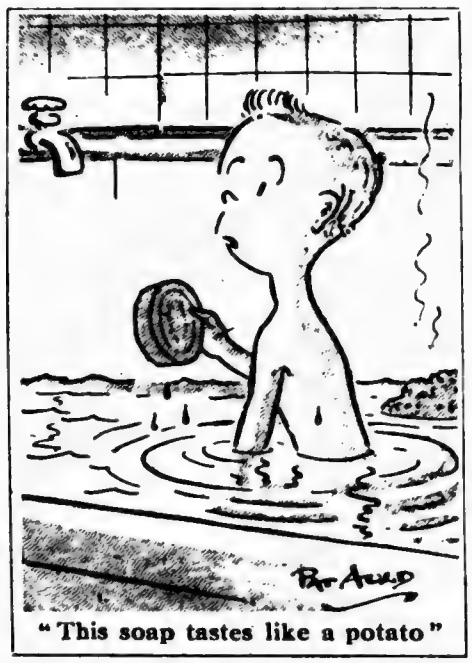
Targets

RECENTLY, WHILE I was sitting by a lake in a park, I saw two boys of about fifteen throwing stones at the ducks. When they discovered that I was watching them, they began to use me as their target! Such behaviour makes we think that some of our own youth needs re-educating as well as the youth of Germany.—MISS M. H., Leytonstone, E.11.

Art and Onlookers

MY HOBBY IS painting from nature, and on holidays and fine week-ends I can often be found setting up my easel in a field or an attractive country village. The news seems to spread by a sort of "bush telegraph," and I soon have an admiring (or often otherwise) crowd breathing down my neck and whispering to each other.

Some of their remarks are very amusing. One old man announced to each new arrival, "She ain't as good as our Elsie." Recently a youngster asked, "Will it be in the Royal Academy, Miss?" I was once painting in a farm-



"This soap tastes like a potato"

"I soon have an admiring crowd breathing down my neck"

yard when one of the men said in a voice full of foreboding, "You'll have to get finished by four o'clock, or it's none of my business what happens." To my inquiry, he replied that I was sitting right in the path of the cows when they were brought in to be milked.

I find that most onlookers have a disturbing passion for accuracy. My reputation as an artist is mud in one village, because, when painting some cottages, I left out for obvious artistic reasons a hideous water tower that showed above them.—Mrs. B. R., Church End, Finchley, N.3.

His Own Boss

IT'S TOO READILY assumed that being one's own boss is all honey. Nothing is further from the truth. I have been a professional masseur, working on my own for forty-five years, and I want to debunk the idea that a person who has no boss can start and finish work just when he wishes.

The professional man has the general public for his boss. If I do not do my work properly and keep regular hours my clients will very soon give me the sack. The public are not easy masters. —FRED FRENCH, Duston, Northampton.

Secretive Russia

ALTHOUGH I APPRECIATE your efforts to furnish readers with truth and logic, I think you will find it most difficult to deny that you reflect the confusion and chaos of Party politics. This is because you, too, allow secretive Russia to influence your counsels and otherwise reasoned judgments.

It would be a godsend to your readers if JOHN BULL could be the medium of reconciling differences and ending Party politics.—THOMAS JOB, 108, West Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

Bewitched Garden

WE HAVE A GARDEN that is either cursed or bewitched. For twelve years we have laboriously dug it and planted the best seeds obtainable, and yet, in spite of constant hoeing, the weeds always grow apace.

By midsummer we can show every single type of weed known to horticulturists, while the seeds we planted have given up the struggle. Yet our neighbours display fine crops of vegetables with not a weed to be seen. Why is it?—Mrs. S., Hitchin, Herts.

Good Time for All

A FRIEND SERVING in South-East Asia writes to me: "The girls in the last ENSA show were all just a shade under sixty. They looked it and behaved as if they had just had an income tax demand. I've never seen such a lot of miserable people all on one stage at the same time."—L. STEPHENSON, 125, Albert Edward Road, Liverpool 7.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

JOHN BULL
Short Story

Her thin body shivered from head to foot, her voice screamed at him on a high, hysterical note

They are ALL ALIKE

ILLUSTRATED BY HOROWICZ

A soldier with murder in his heart comes back to solve a problem that war has brought to many a home

by

FERGUS O'CONNOR

WHEN HE GOT OFF the train at Victoria he went straight to a pub.

He wasn't a whisky-drinking man but, by God, he needed one now—and a stiff one.

In the crowded bar he found a corner for himself and sat down, his back to the room, his kit and his Sten-gun cradled between his legs. He swung the yellow liquid round and round in his glass. His hands trembled. Four or five times he wiped their hot, steamy palms on his handkerchief.

He was a fool! He'd marched from Alamein to Hamburg and killed many a Jerry without a quiver, but because of the knowledge that he must kill him, her lover, he was behaving like a raw rooky.

He took the week-old newspaper cutting from his tunic pocket. It was creased and limp from reading and refolding. Two years for manslaughter was all the fellow in the cutting had got for killing his wife's lover. It was funny that his situation should be so similar. But, at least that chap's wife had had the decency to come out into the open with her infidelity.

But in his case? Not a word had she mentioned about it. All these years—three to be exact—she had written to him of nothing but her love for him, her loneliness without him. Letters that had arrived at the same time as the neighbours'. Nasty-minded busybodies he'd thought at first. He wanted desperately, to believe in her and think of her as he'd known her. A little giddy, perhaps—ready for a lark at any time. But a good wife—the best a man could want.

When Bob Weeks had gone home on leave, awkwardly he'd asked him to find out if there was any truth in the neighbours' gossip.

"Sure it's true." Bob had been laconic when he came back. Had avoided looking at him. "I didn't put much stock in the neighbours' gossip, Stan, I went along and saw her mother. She knows about it. Says Becky's been going about with this fellow for some time. Says she's talked to Becky—but was shown the door. I saw Becky, too . . ."

"What did she say?" He hadn't felt mad then. He'd been dazed—almost as if he and Bob were talking about something that had happened to another fellow.

He could remember even now how Bob had flushed hot under his freckles and had pulled at his red thatch of hair uncomfortably.

"Gosh, Stan," he said, "I didn't ask her. How could I? But the guy was there in the kitchen. Quiet-looking fellow. Works in the same shift at the factory with Becky. You only had to take one look at him to see he was head over heels in love with her."

"And she with him?"

"I don't know, Stan." Bob had been awkward. "You can never tell with women. She looked much the same. The fellow shoved off, and she offered me a cup of tea—like she used to—and asked about you. You know, all the usual questions. Were you all right? Not hurt or anything? Would you be home soon . . ."

BOB HAD TWISTED his cap in his great hands. "Made me promise on my honour I'd give you her love. Sort of made it seem impossible she was carrying on with that fellow . . . but . . . when her own mother. . . ."

"The dirty little. . . ." He'd brought out a vicious string of words against her.

"Shut up, Stan." Bob had almost yelled at him. "Keep a hold on yourself. You're not the only one. Not by a long, long chalk. Maybe, Becky couldn't help herself. You've been away a long time. She's only a kid . . ."

"Kid or no kid, she's my wife, isn't she?" And, as Bob didn't reply, he shook him. "Is she, or isn't she?"

"Sure. Sure." Bob soothed him. "But it doesn't help to take on about it. Could have told you it's bound to happen. Women are all alike. . . . You get rid of her, Stan. . . ."

Get rid of her! He'd get rid of her all right, and her boy-friend, too. And he didn't care if he swung for it.

THE GUN BETWEEN his knees felt cold to his hot grasp. Cold and familiar. He'd carried it a long way. It had served him well.

The clock over the bar struck seven. He'd written her to expect him about seven.

"Dear Becky." He'd written automatically. Then he stopped, remembering again that she wasn't his dear Becky. But between his vicious thoughts, the scrawled two words, "Dear Becky" reminded him clearly of how she'd be sitting at the kitchen table reading his letter, a finger dug in the softness of her cheek.

When he thought of her like that, he couldn't conceive that she would be unfaithful to him—not she, who was as familiar to him in her every movement as the sound of his own voice.

And yet she had done this inconceivable thing. Well, let her know he was coming. Let her get hold of her new man and let them worry and fidget and wait for him. Not knowing that death would walk in with him.

Swinging his kit over his shoulder and clutching his gun he made his way out of the pub. The long walk home passed for him in a swift torrent of feverish thought. But, as he turned the corner of their road, he was shocked into a moment's pleasure at its dear familiarity.

Becky was standing at the gate waving to him. He could see how she'd dolled herself up. . . .

Her high heels were tapping over the pavement. Her arms were clinging, pulling on his shoulders, she was reaching, straining to touch his lips. Roughly he twisted his head aside and her mouth came to rest against his unshaven chin.

"Oh, Stan! Oh, Stan!"

His back rigid, his hands trembling on the strap of his kit and gun, he glared at her. Her head was down on his chest, he could feel her shaking.

"I'm such a fool, Stan. Such a fool." Her voice was full of tears. "Until the moment I saw you turn up our road I . . . I couldn't believe you were coming. I just couldn't believe it. . . ."

"I'll bet you couldn't," he said roughly. "Well, I'm here all right. Let's get into the house. Unless you like the neighbours snooping on us. . . ."

She giggled. It was true. It was unmistakable. She was laughing! "You're just the same, Stan. Always worrying about the neighbours. Come on. Let me take something for you. The gun . . ."

If he had had a free hand he'd have slapped her across her face. With his shoulder he pushed her aside and walked on, into the house.

In the kitchen he stared slowly at the black, shining grate, the small dresser with its rows of gleaming china and twinkling pans, at the worn, but highly polished, linoleum, at the white scrubbed table and its two chairs. It was the same—just exactly as he remembered it. . . .

He hadn't reckoned on that—he'd thought of it being different.

HE DROPPED HIS KIT and his gun in a corner and turned on her. She stood in the doorway, the light of the late sun behind her, her hands pushed deeply into the pockets of her cotton dress. She smiled as he looked at her. A tender little smile but, as he looked and looking let her see his hate, her smile grew strained and fixed.

"You're made up like a . . ." Her hands jumped out of her pockets. Suddenly he knew that she wasn't sure. She wasn't sure he knew. She wasn't sure he need know. She was going to play, going to pretend with him.

"Not that it doesn't suit you," he said. He could feel her sudden terror.

"What do you mean, Stan?"

"Why, nothing." He opened his eyes in pretended surprise. "Nothing more than what I said, that it suits you."

"Oh." Her mouth tilted in a wavering, uncertain smile. "Perhaps I've got a bit too much make-up on, but . . . but I look so terrible these days . . ." She laughed shakily.

"I've changed a lot in three years. . . ."

"So I've heard."

"Heard?"

"Sure. Things get out to us eventually. And Bob checked up for me when he was home. He heard you'd quarrelled with your mother. He told me all about you. . . ."

"Yes," she said hesitatingly. "Mum and I had a quarrel. She thought I ought to sit at home and mope night after night. She didn't seem to understand that . . . that being on your own all the time gets you down. . . . That . . . that one needs a bit of company and a laugh once in a while. . . ." Her hands were trembling again and her face looked thin and drawn.

"I gather you had the company all right." He laughed shortly, and, with an abrupt gesture turned and slung his gun over his shoulder.

"Stan! Stan! Where are you going?"

She ran round in front of him, her back to the door, her arms raised across it.

"Stan. For God's sake, Stan!"

He put a hand on her shoulder to push her away, but she flung it aside. Her thin body shivered from head to foot, her voice screamed at him on a high, hysterical note.

"You fool! You great fool! You think you know everything, everything Bob told you. Bob! When did he ever see a decent side to anything? But he told you. That's enough for you. I've never thought you a fool till now. But you are. And so are thousands of men like you.

"YOU'VE BEEN AWAY from home for years. Do you think time's stood still here? You've had a rotten filthy time of it. Don't we read of it, think of it, worry about it? Don't we get lonely and miserable and desperate over you? But things have been rotten and filthy for us, too.

"Slogging hour after hour in factories, coming home dead-beat to an empty house, making a meal, not because you want it but because you must. Keeping a home together when you hate the sight of it, but keeping it there so that there'll be something, something for you to come

back to. Doing it day after day until the misery and the loneliness get too much for you.

"You think it's honey for women when their men go off? They've nothing to do but keep the home fires burning. . . ." She laughed bitterly, and looked at him with something like contempt.

"Well, it's not like that. It's hell—it's like being lost in a nightmare."

She leaned her head back against the door, her arms still spread protectingly against its dark grain.

He had a fleeting, hurting remembrance of having seen just such another picture before. He tried to push it away and keep a hold on his disgust, his anger, but the memory hung on and took shape. A boy in Italy lying in death on the brown earth, a boy who'd looked just as tired, just as desperately finished. . . A mere kid, he'd thought bitterly, and he'd sworn at the waste, at the silly waste. . . .

"I thought I could pretend everything was the same," she said, brokenly. "I thought . . . I thought because I loved you, love you, everything *was* the same. I thought we could, both of us, wipe out the last years . . . I . . . I . . ."

The tears were streaming out from under her closed lids, and now her lips were forming awkward, hurried, whispering words.

And suddenly his whole being was consumed with fright.

A blinding, searing fright. He'd imagined her explanations, her tears, maybe her anger, and he'd thought of how he would deal with it all, but now he was filled with an unreasoning terror of what she would say—of what he would hear.

Then there would be things he'd have to do—there would be more waste—more silly waste.

She mustn't be allowed to say it—he mustn't hear it.

UNCONSCIOUSLY HE PATTED her shoulder. It felt chicken-thin under his hand, and as he touched her wearily, he knew he could no longer kill anyone.

"You're hysterical, Becky," he said, over her whispered sobbing words. "I wasn't blaming you for anything. . . . I wasn't going anywhere. I only wanted to put the gun out. . . . I'm . . . I'm sick of the sight of it. . . ."

She opened her eyes wide and stared at him like a dazed child.

"But Stan . . ."

"Sure." He let the gun slide to the floor. "Sure, Becky, I know you've had a bad time. But it's over now. It's . . . It's finished. We won't talk about it ever again."

With an odd little cry she stumbled in against him He cradled her in pity. Underneath his tenderness and his pity he felt stupid.

He would never know now. . . . Never seek to know. . . . Maybe he'd been a fool all along. Maybe there'd been nothing to it but . . . but, as she said, a little company . . . a little laughter. . . . She loved him—surely that was enough. . . .

Surely . . .?

He sighed.

He gave her a little shake.

"What about a nice cup of tea, Becky?"

"We'll see Daddy any minute now, dear"

As he watched our political calm in town and country a man who has seen the murderous violence of Continental elections found something Britain can teach the world

No violence, no shouting, no flag-wagging in this election scene. Instead, the two Labour Candidates for the Coventry divisions, Maurice Edelman and R. H. Crossman (light suit), canvass the voters in a peaceful English market-place

HOW OUR ELECTION STRUCK A FOREIGNER

by ALFRED T. BRATTEL

JUST AN ordinary English week-end. Narrow white lanes, thatched cottages, old stone houses set in leafy hollows.

"Vote National," pleaded Churchill's face on an occasional poster. The face of the Labour candidate, a good-looking blonde, carried the words: "Vote for Brook."

Two fine beasts, strayed from the herd of cattle grazing in the scorching sun, barred our way to the village hall.

Cool white-washed walls, a goodish dancing floor; about 150 people chatting quietly.

"A good meeting," whispers the chairman, seated beside the candidate at the big table.

Not a poster, not a banner; nothing but one drooping Union Jack, relic of VE-Day, unnoticed in the corner.

The young blonde candidate rises. Polite applause. No raised right arm, no shouting; she talks as though to friends in her own home.

"Between now and polling day you'll have to stand in a good many fish queues. . . . But don't stand in the queue for red herrings."

Good-natured laughter. I like this young woman. So does the audience. Every now and then there's a murmured "Hear, hear."

But as she ends her speech I hear a well-dressed man whisper to his wife, who sits beside him: "Nonsense, nonsense."

But he's obviously much too polite to say it out loud.

When Blood Flowed

Outside once more. The cows bellow, the levelling sun strikes through the trees into my eyes.

Thuringia, fifteen years ago. The scene comes back to me. The street a forest of flagpoles, houses lost in a dazzling foliage of flags.

Nothing sleepy here. In the riot of colour pulses beat faster. Red Nazi swastika, Communist sickle and hammer. Black, red and gold of Socialism. The Nationalists, black, white and red. The clash of colour symbolises deeper clashes, the black hints at darkness in the human heart, the red is the red of blood.

The blood soon flows.

By noon someone has torn down a swastika. Soon thirty platoons of storm-troopers are out on the streets. Clenched fists are raised on the far side of the village square. The Socialist Republican Guard.

3.15. The first clash.

3.40. Two killed. Twelve injured.

Here come the police reinforcements from Weimar, armed with carbines and machine-guns. Now all the village is an armed camp.

Otto Braun, then Socialist Prime Minister of Prussia, came to speak in the village hall. No one heard that speech. The chairman had barely risen before they were breaking up chairs for weapons in the centre of the hall. I recall the splintering glass, the crash of blows, the furious voices. When the scene was cleared the dead were increased to four, the injured to forty.

The cattle looked on unconcernedly. I remember, satisfied that the blows and shouts were not for them. Just as these English cattle stare at me now.

On the way to another meeting we halt in the local inn.

As the candidate enters I notice my well-dressed neighbour and two others approaching her.

"Your speech was excellent—very good show," he beams.

"So shall I have your vote?" asks the candidate.

"I am not so sure," is the reply; "but I'll buy you a drink."

"Why won't you vote for me?"

"Well, it will take a lot of thinking over, you know; but I promise you I'll attend your other meetings."

The candidate is satisfied.

"That will do," she smiles at me, "then I shall get him all right."

As we leave, I hear a voice:

"Fancy the old boy offering her a drink! He's been a Tory all his life!"

Albert Hall v. Sportspalast

I came back to London.

"It's always quiet in the country," said the Cabinet Minister "If you want any excitement, stay in town."

But the Albert Hall, where Labour held their rally, looked just the same as when there's a concert on Sunday afternoon.

As I got there I saw a stout, perspiring man in a white jacket conducting the singing of the crowd. Blake's "Jerusalem"—no Party song, one of the great poems which are the British heritage. *I will not cease from mental fight . .* How strange to think the mind is what battles should be fought with. . . .

In the Berlin Sportspalast they sang differently.

Brass bands blared from loudspeakers. From the roof hung enormous flags. Giant swastikas. Clutching eagles. The hall was packed—by order of "the Party."

The bands stop playing. Now the choir of 500 shout in unison:

"Deutschland Erwache!"

Germany, Awake!

Perish the Jew!

We spit on Freedom!

Fanfares announced the Fuehrer. He spoke, harsh as the brass, endlessly ranting. One hour, two hours. . . . The crowd, mesmerised, woke at intervals only to howl for more.

I was in hospital for a week after that meeting. Some row broke out and the Nazis shot up a bus queue.

"Give Him a Chance"

This I recall on the bus to West Lewisham, where I'm promised a stormy meeting.

"When he was an M.P he attended very well to his duties, and for a Tory he is more progressive than many. . . ."

That's what the Labour man said about his opponent.

"Try Battersea," said the Cabinet Minister, "they're giving Beaverbrook a rough passage."

But the bus-driver next to me at Battersea shouted "Quiet!" when Beaverbrook's hecklers got too noisy; and when they started shouting "Viva, Franco!" a Cockney in dungarees, no lover of his lordship, was calling out: "Give him a chance!"

Back in the countryside, I sum up my impressions.

The Britisher—politically uneducated.

The German—well-informed, too well-informed.

The British crowd, mild yet critical.

The German crowd, ferocious and uncritical.

Politics: on the Continent a fight for survival.

In Britain?

"What I say is, we shall all have to live together, whoever wins. Live together and make the best of it."

Those words from my notebook, quotation from a rural philosopher leaning on a five-barred gate in Berkshire, are the secret of your democracy Take care you value this precious thing which you possess Take care you keep it. You have faults in plenty but this thing all the world must learn of you.

His Ship's Come Home

EX-SAILOR E. WILLIAMS has brought his ship home to 31, Seymour Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester, by winning *Bullets* 1,480th First Prize. Now he will soon be sailing off for a holiday, thanks to his winning words: As Long As We Live—In Fear, Inferior Living.

A few well-chosen words on your coupon below can bring you any of this week's 33 Holiday Cheques. And don't miss your double *Bulletin*, obtainable as directed below.

WIN a "BULLETS" HOLIDAY!

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER £350

£100 CASH FIRST plus CELEBRATION WEEK-END

£20, £10, 10 of £6, 20 of £2, 200 of 2s. 6d.

1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* VE Double Number, No. 8, including historic "*Bullets* at War" Supplement.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

WAR-WEARY WORLD
HOME FOR EVERYBODY
JOHN, SAM AND IVAN
FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE
OUR NEW M.P.
SHINING
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
BREAD AND BUTTER
OUT OF THE ARMY
HARD-WORKING CHAP
WITH HIGH HOPES
EVERY OUNCE
LAID THE FOUNDATIONS
AS GOOD AS GOLD
PLAYING SAFE
SANDY'S CAR
PUT TO THE TEST
NATURALLY
AIR OF MYSTERY
OFF THE DEEP END

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

TO CURE.....
DEPENDS ON.....
SLOGAN FOR.....
HAVING NO .....
HARD TO.....
WHEN THE.....ARRIVED

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No.1,486, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

3 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 "Bullets" you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,486
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JULY 16

For JULY 28 DOUBLE "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 2½d. STD. ADD. ENVELOPE

Result 1,482—First Prize £100 & Holiday Week-end

J. W. BOOTH, 55, GROSVENOR CRESCENT, LOUTH, LINCS.

BRITANNIA'S WISH "MAY BEST PLAN WIN!"

£20: H. Johnson, 27, Parkbrook Road, Northenden, Manchester.
Speaks For Understanding—And With It, Ike.

£10: G. R. Watkins, "Clynderwen," Oakland Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.
First In The Queue—Grab-all Neighbour. Me? Second!

10 of £6:
W. Beardsley, 15, Mundy Street, Ilkeston.
Britannia's Sixes—And Sevens, "Fifth" Removing?
J. Bryer, 276, Ashley Road, Parkstone.
The Old Folks—Can Be "Terrors," Too.
Miss D. Flynn, 22, Emerson Terrace West, New Silksworth, Sunderland.
Speaks For You — Vets — Don't Be "Dumb"!
E. W. Hinder, 2, New Town Street, Canterbury.
Grand And Glorious—Now "Kit"—No Inspection!
Mrs. S. E. Holman, Pit View, Salthouse.
In My Garden—Forgetting I Haven't "Bean."
S.B.A. J. Leitch, R.N., M Sick Quarters, H.M.S. "R——," Torpoint, Cornwall.
Saved From Slavery—Now Slave For Safety!
M. McDonagh, 1, Foster Hill Rd., Bedford.
Britannia's Prospects—Sparkling? So's Profiteer's Champagne!
W. A. M. Ovenden, 119, Kilravock Street, Queen's Park, W.10.
On Reconstruction's Road — Beware Fascism's "Concealed Drive"!
O. J. Spencer, 26, Trescott Road, Northfield, Birmingham.
In Middleton's Garden—Dad, Sleeping In Ours!
G. Tyrrell, 16, Amwell Street, Hoddesdon.
At A Safe Distance—Henpeck's "You'll Miss Me!"

A list of 20 winners of £2 and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CASH and PENS WON—XWORD 434

WINNING WORDS: 1. FACT. 2. TALES. 3. LID 4. CRANK. 5. LIES. 6. FLUKED. 7. WOOD. 8. BANKS. 9. LOAF. 10. PAT. 11. STAB. 12. RIP or TIP. 13. STUMPS. 14. ANTS.

£50 SHARERS: Mrs. D. Bottomley, 29a, Warwick Chambers, Pater St., W.8; M. S. Hall, 42, Grange Rd., Stoughton, Guildford; E. C. Penwill, 3, Fairfax Tce., Stoke, Devonport; Mrs. F. Smith, 106, Clifton St., Roath, Cardiff.

RUNNERS-UP Awards, value £25, shared between 14 entrants. All Winners and Runners-up receive Fountain Pens.

write to JOHN BULL about it

Unfounded Suspicion Breeds Misery

When "foreigners" attempt dialect plays. Books for discussion. Suggestions for voluntary work. Anderson shelters must await collection. Jobs and re-settlement leave

"I AM WORRIED to death because I found a young woman's photograph in my husband's pocket. I haven't told him I have seen it.

"I can't understand it at all. He has been in the R.A.F. for over four years. He comes home every week, brings presents for our two children, and does all he can to help me. I am wondering whether he does this to ease his conscience. Do you think I ought to ask him about it?"

I have had many letters from wives who torment themselves with jealousy. In nine cases out of ten they do it quite unnecessarily. Your husband does not act like a man who has become fond of another woman. That photograph probably means nothing of importance to him.

The longer you keep silent, brooding over it, the worse it will appear. Clear the matter up right away by telling your husband you found the photograph. Get rid of the idea that he may be behaving well towards you to ease his conscience. A wife who thinks on those lines cannot accept a present or even a kindly word without construing it into something evil. It makes happiness impossible, and the husband may be quite unaware that his motives are being continually misconstrued.

"AS A NATIVE of Lancashire, I often have to writhe when I listen to so-called Lancashire dialect spoken on the stage or the radio. My local dramatic society recently tackled a Lancashire play with results that were appalling. Next time, with equal unconcern, they will probably switch over to a play set in Devonshire or Wales. They can't do it.

"Is there any school or college for amateur actors where the different dialects can be learned sufficiently well not to offend the ear?"

I have never heard of such a school or college. The British Drama League has made a number of records of dialects spoken in Great Britain. These are obtainable from the League at 9, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, price 7s. 2d. each

Altogether there are twelve double-sided records, each recording specimens of two dialects. They should be helpful to actors who are taking character parts in which a knowledge of dialect is as important as the general make-up.

"I AM ACTING as President of a class that meets on Sunday mornings. Last week I gave a talk on Keir Hardie, quoting references in your recent article on him (JOHN BULL, April 28). I have been asked to speak again shortly and should be glad if you could recommend some reading on subjects which would be helpful. I am sure that the school will be grateful if you can suggest some books which will interest a body of intelligent working men."

For a beginning I recommend *The Hero in History* by Sidney Hook (Secker and Warburg, 8s. 6d.), and two little books by Horace Shipp entitled *Lives that Moved the World* and *Ideas that Moved the World* (Evans Brothers, 3s. 6d. each).

These are all fairly recent and should be still available. I also recommend *Great Short Biographies of the World*, published by Heinemann. It is a huge volume—over 1,400 pages. It is, unfortunately, now out of print, but there is probably a copy in your public library.

"I MUST ADMIT that I don't consider myself a very talented person, but I am fairly wide-awake and have plenty of energy. I am a single man of forty-three, and I have reached a stage where I feel I want to employ my spare time in doing something more worthwhile and useful than entertaining myself by walking, chatting to friends, or playing draughts. Can you give me the name of any organisation that would be glad of my voluntary services in some sort of social work, canteen work—anything that is for a good cause?"

As you are near London, I suggest that you might write to the National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, St. Leonard's House, 59, Tufton Street, London, S.W.1, or to the Charity Organisation Society, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1, offering your services.

Most voluntary work of the type you have in mind is connected with the churches. You don't say what your religion is, but you might have a talk to your Priest, Vicar or Minister. I am certain that you will soon have no complaint about being short of work for a worthwhile cause.

X-WORD CASH. RADIO. PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Gardener may find this desirable for some plants—STA□ING. 2. Men complain of English summer whether chilly and wet or—□OT. 3. Milk should not be allowed to—SO□R. 4. Such an animal may pull load as well as bigger horse—□ONY. 5. Support may be of the kind helpful to—WEA□. 6. You may get one in your own little garden—S□ING. 7. Is very often the reverse of hot—CO□L. 8. May possibly be intended for diversion—□ARK. 9. Some actresses don't seem to mind if they do get—STA□E. 10. One has to this a cornet—□IP. 11. May be fairly described as flat—SOL□. 12. It can be expected to get extremely hot at times—□EAT. 13. May possibly be thrown away through sheer carelessness—R□CE. 14. German people will get much this out of Allied victory—□AIN.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated July 28 with **Bulletin Double Number**, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, July 16.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 434, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

XWord No. 434 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

German Control Commission

B. N., Doncaster: Many thousands of applicants responded to the Press advertisements issued on behalf of the Control Commission for Germany for men with technical and scientific qualifications to control the industrial activities of Germany. It has not been found possible to acknowledge receipt of individual applications. Those who did not hear from the Commission offering them employment by June 15 should assume that they have not been successful. At a later date the Commission may reconsider certain applications not accepted at first.

E. M., Camberwell: People who wish to get rid of their Anderson shelters will have to keep them until the local authority can remove them. Owing to the scarcity of labour, it will probably be some considerable time before a general collection can be started. Where the shelter has not been concreted the householder is expected to take up the bottom frame. The householder who has failed to recover the bottom frame from a concreted shelter need not fear that there will be any difficulty about collecting the rest of the shelter.

A. L., Bathgate: Residents of Jersey, Guernsey or Sark wishing to return should apply *by post* to the Passport Office, Channel Islands Section, Dartmouth Street, London, S.W.1, for the forms of applications. Applicants will be told how to proceed and must be prepared to travel at short notice.

J. T., Ayr: If your son obtains a job during his eight weeks resettlement leave he will not be withdrawn from it. If, however, after the end of his leave, he is unemployed, it will be open to the Ministry of Labour and National Service to direct him to work in accordance with the national needs at the time.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOOD FACTS

THE NEW RATION BOOK

Priority Allowances and Special Rations

If you have been granted a priority allowance of eggs or a special ration of another food—that is—if form R.G.48 referring to foods other than milk is pasted in your Ration Book, then:

1 A new form R.G.48 will be necessary for the new Ration Book, even if your present priority allowance or special ration is not due to end until after July 21st (end of week 52).

2 To make sure of receiving your allowance or special ration after July 21st first re-register with retailers and then ask the Food Office for a new form R.G.48 for your new book. This can be done as soon as you get your new book. You will have to produce both your old and new Ration Books.

3 If you had to show your unemployment insurance book or an employer's certificate when you obtained your present authority then you must do the same again this time unless the special ration was granted in week number 41 (April 29th-May 5th) or later. Where necessary a form of employer's certificate can be obtained from the Food Office.

4 *MILK.* If you have been granted a priority allowance of milk beyond July 21st (end of week 52) wait until then and then transfer form R.G.48 from your present book to your new book, fixing it securely to the space marked B on page 5. You can, if necessary, cut out that part of the old book to which R.G.48 is at present fixed.

POINTS CHANGES. Period No. 13 (June 24th to July 21st). There are no points changes and coupon values remain at 20 for each book. A = 1, B = 2, C = 2, D = 1, E = 2.

SOAP. Only 3 weeks' ration can be obtained during this 4-week period on General Ration Book (R.B.1) and Blue Junior Ration Book (R.B.4). This means Coupon 49, Part 1 (Soap), page 38, cannot be used. *There will be no cut on the Child's Green Book (R.B.2).*

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 252

MOTHER, DO THIS for FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth; in the latter, weight at a standstill—perhaps even a few precious ounces lost. Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. 'Milk of Magnesia' gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. Doctors and Nurses recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe antacid and gentle laxative for babies. Be sure, Mother, to say 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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J.P.1. 7.7.45.

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Will you, as a peace Thank-Offering, help the great Christmas Appeal for the Hospital for Sick Children, Gt. Ormond St., W.C.1, by promising to send a donation NEXT CHRISTMAS?

If so, please fill in below the detail asked for and we will remind you of your promise in good time. Thank you.

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J.P.1. 7.7.45

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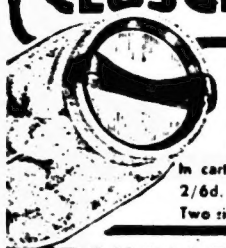

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